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Witnesses shadowed

Friends and relatives were asked personal, intimidating questions in pending government license renewal hearings for KRON-TV

The dicks from Superchron

By Bruce Brugmann
The SF Bay Guardian Co., Inc.

It was 6:30 a.m., on the fresh, sunny morning of March 27, when Al Kihn drove away from his Mill Valley house and set out over the lonely county road that winds over Mount Tamalpais and down to Stinson Beach. He was off to gather rocks for a stone wall he was building.

Suddenly, out of the town's deserted streets, a shiny, green car with two antennas on top and a driver who talked into a walky talky radio microphone swooped up behind Kihn's Volkswagon bus. Something about the car and the well-dressed driver made Kihn immediately uneasy, but he didn't realize he was being followed until he made a quick U-turn in getting out of Mill Valley and the green car turned with him.

Through Mill Valley and up Mt. Tamalpais the two cars went. Just past the Mountain Home Inn, a second car (same make, blue, with two antennas and another well-dressed man at the microphone) took up the pursuit and the first car disappeared.

Kihn, incredulous why anyone would shadow him, decided to make certain. He pulled his car out on a bluff overlooking the ocean above Muir Beach and waited. The blue car whizzed past. The green car soon appeared, then stopped within sight of Kihn's car. It waited.

"When I got out of the car, finally," Kihn recalled, "and I knew there were two guys out there, I walked down to a couple of rocks on the ocean." He could see the top of the green car and the windshield from the rock he was sitting on.

I was scared

"When I sat down, I tried to think which way I would go when the guys came after me. I was really scared. But when I went back into Mill Valley, I was mad."

When Kihn turned his bus around and headed back, the green car followed. When Kihn reached a fork near the top of the mountain where he could take three different routes, he saw the blue car parked on a nearby shoulder waiting for his car.

Agitated and angered, Kihn drove straight to city hall in Mill Valley, parked in the municipal lot and reported the tailing incident to the police. He gave them the license numbers of the two cars.

Was there any reason he would be followed? The only reason he could think of, Kihn told police, was in connection with complaints he made to the Federal Communications Commission about the editorial and corporate transgressions of his former employer, KRON-TV in San Francisco.

Kihn, a KRON photographer for eight years, challenged the renewal of KRON's three-year license on the basis of incendiary material he had collected on tapes and in a six-year KRON diary. (see p 15). His specific and detailed charges (with those of Mrs. Blanche Streeter, a former Chronicle advertising saleswoman) prompted the FCC to withhold renewing KRON's license and to issue one of the toughest ever specification orders in setting the case for a public hearing on July 7 in San Francisco.

(Not only KRON's enormously profitable license--General Electric was reportedly bidding on the station in the $20 to $26 million range before KRON's FCC troubles--but $2 billion worth of licenses throughout the industry was riding on issues Kihn and Mrs. Streeter placed before the FCC.)

(The stakes were big and KRON was willing to try what

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A CONSERVATIONIST IS BORN

But for Dolwig the labor was hard, and the delivery long

By Robert Jones

It was 3:30 in Menlo Park. Janet Adams, slightly drowsy after a big lunch, turned in her chair to look over her desk for any urgent messages. There weren't any, so she leaned back and gave herself a moment to rest.

"We're going to win this war," she said, more to herself than anyone else.

The offices of the Save Our Bay Action Committee were cluttered with signs of hope: newspaper clippings, thousands of petitions, empty coffee cups, a new, bright red IBM typewriter, and a monster mimeograph that cranked 6,000 copies an hour.

The campaign was going well. Legislators and Congressmen called to plan tactics, volunteers were in over-supply, and the campaign seemed to be paying for itself. No one was sure; they hadn't had time to balance the books.

But Mrs. Adams and Claire Dedrick, her partner, had faith in their cause, in the public (or what Mrs. Dedrick called the "suburban middle class revolution against general crumminess") and in their villain.

The villian was Richard J. Dolwig, Republican state senator, one of Sacramento's old-time fat cats. For months he had effectively prevented any legislation to protect San Francisco Bay from reaching the senate floor.

At times it seemed he could do so forever.

The committee planned to fight through the summer, counting on the public's growing frustration and their ability to focus that frustration on Dolwig. It was going to be bloody, exhausting and fun. They believed in their own power as well as Dolwig's, and they were going to slug it out.

The phone rang. Mrs. Adams listened for a minute, said, "Yes, yes," and hung up, looking stunned.

"We've won the war," she said and then paused. "Or we've lost it."

Dolwig, she was told, was not going to slug it out. He had just announced sponsorship of the toughest bay protection bill in either house. It was as if Lyndon Johnson had pulled out of Vietnam and thrown in Hawaii to boot.

It had become a cliche in the Committee office to remind people that "Dolwig is very shrewd." But this wasn't fair. Adams and Dedrick didn't believe him, of course. It was a trick. But would everyone else know it?

They glanced at their $600 mimeograph and $700 typewriter, and Claire Dedrick suddenly found time to start counting checks.

* * * *

And so, on Thursday, May 9, 1969, Dick Dolwig, with his usual humility, anointed himself the savior of San Francisco Bay. A conservationist had been born. But the labor was hard, and the delivery long:

When the original legislation for the Bay Conservation and Development Commission was proposed in 1965, the word was spread in the newsroom of the San Mateo Times that Dolwig was going to vote Yes on the measure. Reporters were surprised, but the reaction was virulent in the offices of the newspaper's publisher, J. Hart Clinton. Clinton is president of the San Mateo County Develop-

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—WILBUR WOOD

The accused shoplifter already has spent the weekend in jail before he's gotten hold of friends to bail him out. He couldn't get out on OR—on his "own recognizance"—because he doesn't have a job, nor any relatives in the area. Yesterday in court the complaint against him was not signed by the supermarket, and if the accused had had money to get a lawyer, the lawyer would easily have gotten the judge to throw the case out of court.

But the accused does not have a lawyer to make the proper motions in the alien language, so the puffy-eyed young man from the district attorney's office asks the judge for a continuance-to get the complaint signed.

The accused is sent to the public defender's office to fill out a form certifying he doesn't have enough money to hire private counsel. Then he comes back to the court intending to schedule an interview with the court's public defender, a scowling old man hunched over a table on the other side of the podium from the assistant d.a. Behind this podium, defendants make their pleas or lawyers make pleas for them—staring up at the judge, who seems very far away in his robes and dignity.

The public defender is very far away, too. "Can't talk to you now," he snaps, "can't you see I'm busy?"

"Well, when--?'

"Tomorrow, come back tomorrow before court opens."

Now the public defender looks astonished. "What do you mean, you want to plead not guilty!" he thunders. Everyone in the room can hear him. "You're guilty," he raises his voice still higher, his eyes flicker over the room, "I read that police report."

The accused should plead guilty, the man says, and get a 30-day suspended sentence. The accused says he doesn't want to plead guilty, and he'd like a look at that report.

"You can't look at the police report," the public defender says, affronted. "I looked at the report and you're guilty. I'm your lawyer, isn't my word good enough for you?" He's annoyed at the accused, a young hippie. Most of them just go along and plead guilty.

"How can I see the police report?" the accused persists.

"You'll have to ask the judge to order the court to open it for you," the public defender says, and turns away.

The supermarket still has not signed the complaint, but the puffy-eyed assistant d.a. appears ready to ask for continuances from now till doomsday.

A jury trial would not begin for weeks. A competent lawyer would charge $500 to get the accused off. Of course, the accused could have the public defender take his case, but by this time the accused has lost all faith in the public defender system.

Though he doesn't want a record, the accused will probably plead guilty to the still-unsigned complaint.

New hope for poor — instant justice without jail is on the way

By Fraser Felter

San Francisco police soon may be jailing fewer misdemeanor offenders.

Under the new system, scheduled to go into effect about July 1, police would issue citations to persons for certain misdemeanors, just as a traffic citation is given, rather than arresting and sending the person to jail.

The legal office of police inspector Ken Samuels estimates misdemeanor arrests total some 30,000 annually. The new system would affect nearly half that number. (The remainder are mainly drunks who are confined to sober them up.)

Police and bar officials are still debating what offenses should be included in the system. Police officials say that persons such as rioters, sex offenders and mentally ill persons should be excluded from the citation program.

Atty. Herb Yanowitz, chairman of the San Francisco Bar Association's sub-committee on the citation program, wants to keep in the system such offenses as petty theft, shoplifting, gambling and misdemeanor narcotics such as youths apprehended in pot parties and getting busted, not only for using pot but for being present where it is being smoked.

The system has many advantages. Mike J. Maloney, writing in a 1967 Hastings Law Journal, notes the system would provide: A reduction in the cost of prisoner's meals, lighting, laundry and janitorial services in the city jail; less time spent inspecting, transporting and caring for prisoners; police with more time to spend on more serious cases; less temptation for police to make referrals to certain bailbondsmen, and more cooperation with police and the judicial system on the part of a suspect who has not been "hardened" through police contact and confinement.

Superior Court Judge Gerald S. Levin, a strong supporter of the citation system, said the cost of housing a defendant in the city jail amounts (by conservative estimates) to $5 a day and the average period of time before a case is adjudicated is 39 days.

There would be an incalculable amount saved by the city in welfare payments used to support the family of a person awaiting the outcome of his case. And, if persons arrested are jailed and consequently lose their jobs or are unable to work at them, there is a loss to the city in tax revenue.

Usually, because demand for a trial will mean several weeks delay, the defendant will often plead guilty in order to avoid further incarceration, and is given a suspended sentence.

Yanowitz points out that this system militates against the innocent and the poor who would like to defend themselves but take the "easiest" way out because of lack of bail.

Insp. Samuels admits that some offenses are in a "grey area" and a compromise is being discussed over making citation or booking optional. But Yanowitz and his fellow committeemen are trying to limit "grey area" bookings which often are based only on an officer's whim or his personal idea of law enforcement.

Dr. Washington Garner of the San Francisco Police Commission, who joined with Commissioner Elmo Ferrari to give the citation system the commission blessing, looks to the day when certain of the citations can be paid by walking up to a window and forfeiting a set bail amount.

But Yanowitz is opposed to this traffic-window type of operation and feels that every person cited should appear in court and not accumulate a police record by making a bail forfeiture.

As the system is intended to work, the officer will issue a citation carrying a date when the suspect is due to appear in court.

Between the time of the issuing of the citation and the court date the individual will have time to prepare his case and hire an attorney if he needs one. Law enforcement and court agencies will have the time they need to research the individual's past--if that is called for--and prepare their case.

With the possible exception of rank-and-file policemen, most officials who have surveyed the new program agree that it will lessen police-community conflicts in San Francisco and help to insure greater justice for all.

And isn't that what Mayor Alioto has been calling for all this time?

THE END

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The Dicks from Superchron

— *continued from page 1*

General Motors did when it hired private detectives to work on Ralph Nader at a time in 1966 when the young crusader was going after the auto makers for not designing safer cars. KRON put private detectives to work on Kihn and Mrs. Streeter.)

Later, when Kihn got home, he saw both cars parked down the street from his house. He picked up the phone, called the police and complained the cars were still tailing him.

(Mill Valley police wouldn't show Kihn their written report on the incident, but Kihn did glimpse the name on the report of a private investigating firm, Neilson & Green, 1736 Stockton St., San Francisco. Was the firm investigating him? Why? Police were evasive.)

Mysterious car

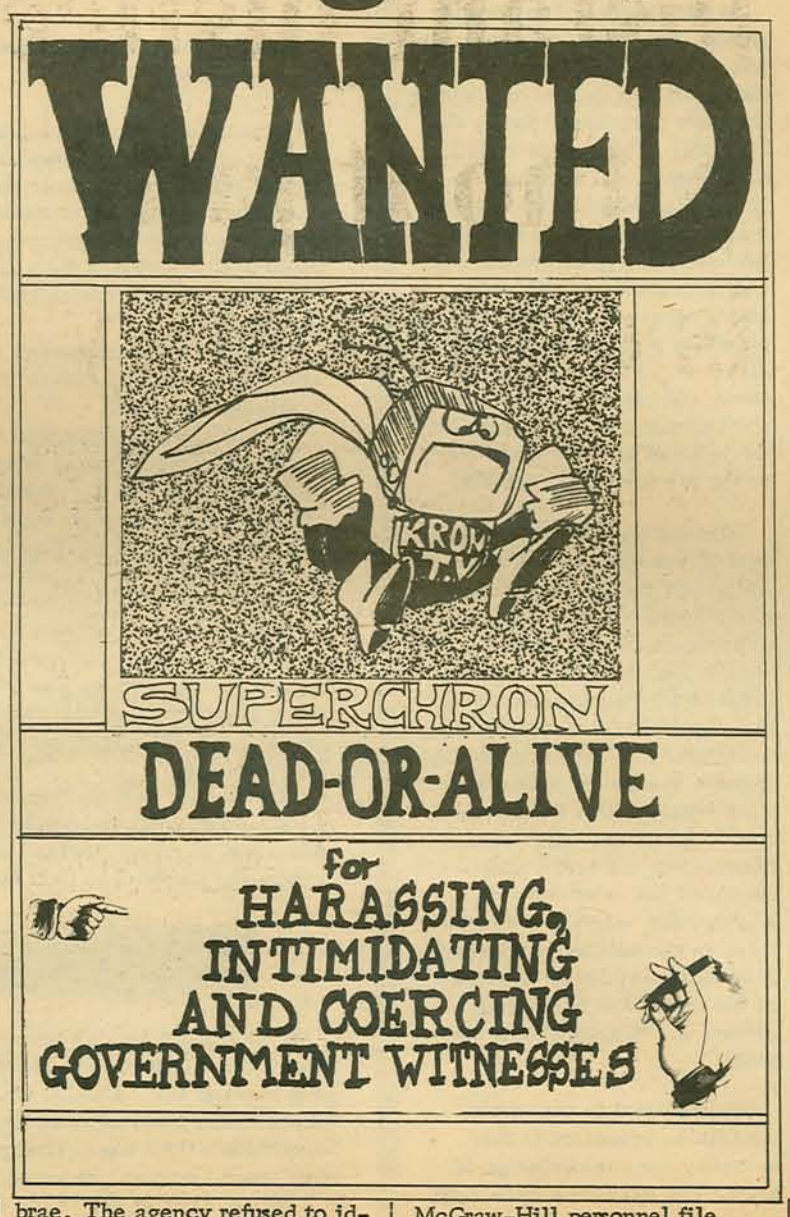
Kihn's neighbors told him that they had noticed a mysterious car parked for a couple of weeks before the March 27 incident in front of their house. The car would park so its occupants could unobtrusively watch Kihn's car, always parked outside his house on the shoulder of the road in a position to follow Kihn's car or radio ahead to the second car. Kihn assumes he was being followed a couple of weeks before the agents came into the open.

I later checked with Mill Valley police and found, from Sgt. James Wiemeyer, that he "was aware" of a Neilson & Green investigation in the immediate area of Kihn's house for the past six to eight months. Kihn's first letter to the FCC was dated Sept. 8, 1968, about eight months before the March 27 adventure. KRON had been promptly notified of Kihn's letter by the FCC.

(I later determined, through independent sources, that Neilson&Green handles investigations for the San Francisco firm of Cooper, White & Cooper, attorneys for the Chronicle Publishing Co. and its broadcast subsidiary, KRON-TV. The firm investigates persons who sue the Chronicle for libel; in a recent case, for example, it turned up a good deal of damaging material on a labor official who accused the Chronicle of libeling him in a story involving his alleged mishandling of union finances. The jury decided for the Chronicle.)

A resident near Kihn's house, Wiemeyer said, had complained to police about a strange car in front of his house at night. Wiemeyer checked out the report himself and found two men from Neilson & Green at night in a car parked near Kihn's house.

They wouldn't say who or what they were investigating, Wiemeyer said. The agents were usually parked within a block of Kihn's house "usually at night and late into the day," he said. Wiemeyer gave me the license number of one car listed in Kihn's report-- a 1969 Pontiac, with number XTD 585. It was rented, Wiemeyer said, from $1-A-Day-Rent-A-Car, 101 Bayshore Highway, Millbrae. The agency refused to identify to me who rented the car.



Meanwhile, Kihn and Mrs. Streeter began to get reports that investigators, using suspicious identities, were seeking to get embarrassing information about their personal, social and business lives. The seeming strategy: to talk to persons, particularly ex-spouses, who might be hostile. (Mrs. Streeter is a divorcee with three children. Kihn was divorced and is now married for the second time.)

A short man in his 30s, with a light brown beard, hunted down Mrs. Streeter's former mother-in-law in the store where she worked and asked about Mrs. Streeter. Did she know Blanche (yes) and did she know about the case pending against Superchron (not much)? Did she know J. Hart Clinton (no)? Clinton is publisher of the San Mateo Times and the man who sharply criticized the Superchron monopoly in congressional testimony in 1967.

The next day, the man returned and asked more questions. Did she know where her ex-daughter-in-law went in Sausalito? Was she a vindictive person? Did she have any Chronicle friends? Did she date Chronicle men? Who? Did she know that Blanche Streeter had been fired from the Daily Pacific Builder?

(Mrs. Streeter's dismissal as an advertising saleswoman from the DPB, a McGraw-Hill publication, is instructive. She left work ill one Friday. The publisher drove to her house in the faraway Sunset district and found she wasn't there--she had stepped out for a few minutes to get groceries from a nearby store. He went to the nearest Western Union office and sent a telegram of dismissal to her at her home. After she was fired, a news item from the California Newspapers Publishers Assn. bulletin was placed in her McGraw-Hill personnel file. Subject: her anti-trust suit against Superchron.)

(Kihn, generally regarded as one of the city's finest cameramen, has had similar employment difficulties. He took a leave of absence from KRON in January for another tv camera job, but it suddenly and mysteriously fell through. He worked a couple of weeks on a temporary basis of KPIX, but couldn't get full time work even though two jobs then were open. The reason, filtering down to KPIX employes, was that he was "over-qualified." He is now picking up what free lance camera work he can.)

(Many persons knowledgeable in the business believe Kihn is effectively "blacklisted" in Bay Area commercial television and perhaps in the broadcast industry at large.)

The investigator wanted to find Paul Streeter, Blanche's ex-husband, now living in the East. He wanted to come to Mrs. Streeters house and talk further with her. She refused and finally had to order him from the store.

Kihn's ex-wife was approached in mid-March by a man appearing unannounced at the door, who said he was from Aetna Surety Co. He said he represented an LA film firm considering Kihn for employment. He mentioned, in a kidding way, that Kihn had stirred up waves in the industry and his client was concerned if Kihn could be bought off.

Could Kihn be bought? Could he be taken in? Does he belong to any group which espouses the overthrow of the establishment? She: you mean conspiracy? He: Yes. She: No, "he's incorruptible."

A pot smoker?

The ex-husband of Kihn's present wife was approached by a man who also said he was from Aetna. Had Kihn ever been arrested? Does he smoke pot (answer: what about it?) Where did he stay after he was separated from his first wife in 1964? What are his political leanings? More: several questions trying to determine if Kihn were a hippy.

(He got mad about this line of questioning, called Aetna and found no agent with the name he gave, Tom Winckleman.)

In Sum: there was little routine about Superchron's Gangbusters stuff. Its dicks weren't much interested in the issues of monopoly and FCC hearings. They were after intimidating social and personal information.

(Note: what Kihn and Mrs. Streeter knew about the issues was elicited in depositions taken by KRON's special FCC attorney in Cooper, White & Cooper's law offices. KRON attorneys, incidentally, brusquely tried several times to eject me from the office.)

(In early April, the word began to creep into media gossip that Kihn and Mrs. Streeter were under some kind of Superchron surveillance. Kihn was told by a friend in the business that" they're going to expose some things about you." Mrs. Streeter, at a party at a Chronicle reporter's apartment, was told by a veteran reporter that they "had two tails on Kihn and one on you." This reporter refused to tell me where he got his information, except to indicate that it came from reliable sources outside Superchron's management.)

KQED's "Newsroom" got the snooping tip and a reporter called major Superchron executives. They denied the use of private detectives.

Jerry Neilson, of Neilson & Green, told me he was prohibited by state law from discussing who his clients were or what he was doing for them. At one point, when I was boring in on his agents' intimidating line of questioning, Neilson accused me in turn of "intimidating" him on the telephone.

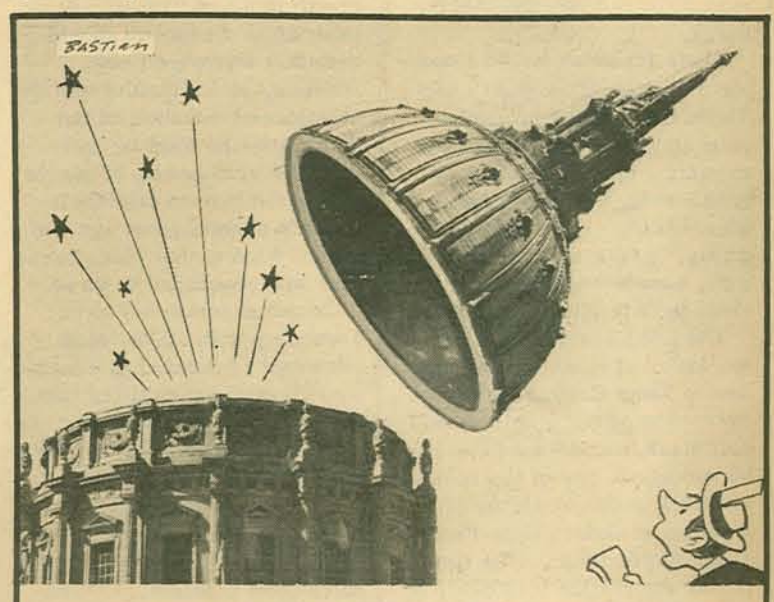
Why did two of his agents trail Kihn early in the morning on lonely Marin County roads? What does the alleged smoking of pot and the dating of Chronicle reporters have to do with the FCC? Did he realize he could be in the position of harassing government witnesses? "I know the law, and I obey the law," Neilson said. Other Superchron officials refused to discuss the matter on grounds of pending litigation.



When James Ridgeway broke "The Nader Affair" in the New Republic, the publicity touched off startling disclosures that led to a Senate hearing and a public apology to Nader, twice, by James Roche, president of GM. Sens. Nelson and Ribicoff were particularly concerned that GM's dicks--who were seeking details of Nader's sex life, whether he was left-wing, anti-semitic, where he traveled--were used to intimidate the auto critic who had been a key witness before congressional committees. Nelson and Ribicoff asked the Justice Department to investigate, then Ribicoff called his own hearings.

After the hearings, Nader filed two suits: in one against both GM and the private detective, he accused them of invas-

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Santa Barbara--the democratic dictatorship of the WASPS

KENNETH REXROTH

To follow up my letter from Santa Barbara in the last issue, first, I don't have any connection at all with The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutuions. The idea I did was due to a misunderstood telephone conversation.

Second, the piece was possibly too harsh, but at least one-sided. This time I'd like, not to accentuate the upbeat, but to approach this unique community somewhat more positively.

Santa Barbara, city, county and university, certainly represents in practically pure form what a Marxist would call a democratic dictatorship of the white Anglo Saxon Protestant upper middle class. This of course is true of most communities in America--or of a dozen other countries as well.

Destroying a State

But not in so pure and protected a form. In the old days Santa Barbara, like Pasadena or Piedmont, Atherton or Hillsborough, walled itself off from the destructive boom exploitation that started to ruin California from the very beginning. It was the prettiest town in the state on a site as beautiful as Naples, Hong Kong or San Francisco and it intended to remain that way.

We forget, if we ever knew, for we are certainly not taught about it in school, how deeply rooted in economic morality the extractive industries are in California's history. Mining, lumber and oil--get yours and get out and to hell with the consequences--but this was true of Spanish California.

Cattle were turned loose to run wild and were not rounded up but shot on the range. The hides and suet were stripped off and carried to port on pack horses. Carcasses were poisoned and left to destroy the vermin. Every summer the savannahs were burned off to improve the range. The fires also served to round up and trap the Indians who were shot down as they fled from the enclosing flames, very much like a West Kansas jackrabbit hunt. The Americans drove sheep through the higher mountains and pigs through the lower.

These practices led to a complete change in the state's biota. The highly nutritious bunch grass and other perennial grasses vanished to be replaced by grass weeds, especially Spanish wild oat. The condor, the grizzly, once extremely common, became extinct or survived in only a few individuals.

The last California grizzly was killed at Horse Corral meadow in Kings Canyon Park a generation ago. A half grizzly, half black bear drowsed away his old age in one of the bear pits back of the Academy of Sciences in Golden Gate Park about 40 years ago. The tiny condor reservation is unlikely tc to survive poachers and the effects of DDT on eggshells for more than five or ten more years.

Sierra meadows once looked like lakes when the camass with its blue flowers and highly nutritious bulbs was in bloom. The pigs exterminated the camass in all but a very few remote meadows. It was in these very years that Karl Marx said that Europe had survived only due to the humane traditions of an older culture. "If you want to see capitalism in all its horror," said Marx, "go to California."

Santa Barbara was a little enclave of comparative sanity in the midst of wholesale destruction. During World War II, exploitation was unbridled and ran wild everywhere. Some of the finest timber in California was logged off and shipped to Indonesia to make corduroy roads through the jungles--where of course more suitable trees had to be cut down to clear the road itself. Then the armed forces decided to move everything by air and many of these roads were never used.

This is an example of the kind of devastation that began to lap at the carefully protected walls of Santa Barbara. The city has been overbuilt and many of the old controls are gone. Outside the city limits, whole towns have sprung up subject only to county control and built in areas certain to be flooded or burned over within comparatively short periods.

JOEL FORT'S column will be in the next Guardian. (See editorial, p 8.)

The oil disaster woke up the community. Ruthless exploitation of an unneeded natural resource, heavily subsidized by the Federal Government, now threatens to destroy the very meaning of Santa Barbara. Perhaps the oil leak, which is not stopped, but still flows merrily on and apparently cannot be stopped, has brought home to the highly protected WASP rich the nature of the exploitations from which they draw dividends. It may well be that this catastrophe will tip the scales and that a rigorously planned and coordinated community can be recreated.

As for the university. It should have been limited in size to its population of five years ago. Its growth should certainly be stopped now. Students, junior faculty and the enlightened members of the administration must be free from the veto powers of people who came here to take their doctor's degrees years ago and said, "What a nice place to retire" and proceeded to do so.

Communication has to be opened up with all the most advanced tendencies in education all over the world so that both the progressive faculty and administration people and the student movements, black or white, have the essential information before they can even know what they want or how to solve their problem. That information is not available now.

There is nothing unusual for instance about the way I conduct my classes. There are plenty like them, not just at Bard or Reed, but at Harvard or NYU. The only group in constant contact with its fellows elsewhere is the leadership of the Black Students' Union, but most of the rank and file members are still unaware of what's going on in the movement elsewhere.

As for the student residents' ghetto, Isla Vista, that is hopeless. It should be condemned, torn down and started over along the lines once hoped for by the idealists. This means a publically owned and operated renewal plan which would create a cite universitaire of beautiful buildings, good dining halls and restaurants with theaters, coffee shops, book-shops and plenty of places for recreation, all set in the midst of wide lawns and plenty of trees, with a maximum landscaping use of the beaches and the views out to the sea toward the islands.

Why not turn the whole thing over to Ian McHarg and Louis Kahn? Of the greatest importance again is the opening up of communications with the outside world. There is scarcely a literate magazine in any language from anywhere in the world that you can't buy on Telegraph Avenue or around Harvard Square. The one magazine stand on Isla Vista carries cheesecake and surfer magazines and got in trouble over ZAP comics, and the magazine stand in the university bookshop is considerably below the level of the one in the Fort Dodge airport or a Witchita Falls drugstore.

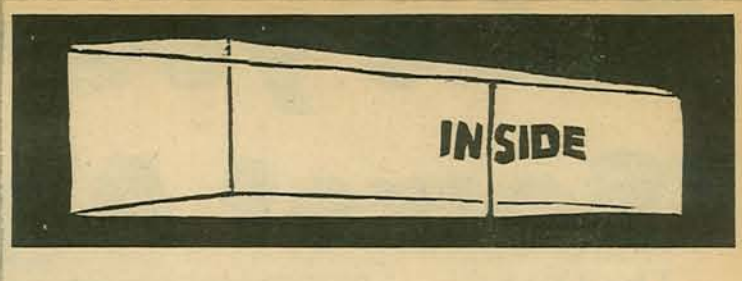
Fundamental to the whole conflict in education is the necessity for a real change of heart. The academic hack must be pushed to the background and deprived of veto power. In the world wide crises of the human spirit, there is no room in education for anyone but enthusiastically dedicated pedagogues, a word ironically enough the hacks have made a term of abuse. With the onset of a fully developed technological society, it has not become possible to attack human self-alienation head on.

Deadly pandemic

The alienation of man from his work, from his fellows, and from himself can be done away with by the end of the century. Instead, in Russia or East Germany, as much or even more than in the U.S., France or England, alienation is increasing like a deadly pandemic. The May Days in Paris, the complete shutdown of the education system in Japan this spring, are symptoms of a world wide social disease, a new Black Death.

What the education system should be doing is developing in the communities that it can create within itself, de-alienators, thousands and thousands of young people who can go out into the world their elders are destroying and overcome the social morality of homo homini lupus. Every classroom, whether in projective geometry, Assyriology or literature should be tested by its capacity for agape--creative interpersonal respect and affection. This is what we mean by the absolute necessity for revolution in education. Is it likely to take place? No.

Meanwhile they plan to destroy the lagoon between UCSB and the mainland with a freeway designed to handle so large a volume of traffic that it would be necessary to completely cover with concrete both Isla Vista and the university site to take care of the parked cars.



Some of Sen. Richard Dolwig's bayfill background. (See p. 1 story):

After trying, and failing, to kill the BCDC in 1965, Dolwig attempted to amend it into powerlessness on the Senate floor. Among other points, the amendments would have granted automatic approval to any fill project if a quorum of Dolwig-appointed commissioners could not be gathered for a meeting. Failing in that, he trotted them out again in 1968 when the bill came up for extension.

*In 1967 Dolwig supported and helped to pass a bill allowing the city of Albany to turn part of its shore into a garbage dump fill.

*In 1962 Dolwig sponsored Article XV, sec. 3 of the California Constitutional Revision which would allow owners of tidelands to "consolidate" their holding and "reclaim their privately owned tidal area" by wiping out State claims to portions of the tidelands. According to the amendment, the provision would "make possible the development of large areas of tidelands."

*In 1967 Dolwig sponsored senate bill 1267 which would have eliminated even more of the public's claim to tideland ownership. The bill read, in part: "the primary public trust of commerce, navigation, and fisheries are...of little relevance to the...development of the coastline."

*In 1967 the culmination of a land swap between the Land Commission and Leslie Salt whereby Leslie gained 438 acres of prime tideland was credited to legislation originally proposed in 1959 by Dolwig.

Mayor Alioto, to his immense credit, has stalled Superchron's brazen attempt to get itself exempted from the city's gross receipts tax. The Mayor, it is said, has told the Nelson/Newhall/Thieriot lobbying axis that he sees nothing in Superchron's third exemption proposal that he didn't see in their second proposal he vetoed last December.

Thus goes one of the inside games of truth or consequences in city hall. The story there goes that Superchron has been putting the blackjack to Alioto: either approve the tax exemption (which Superchron can get through the Supervisors on a 6-5 vote) or we do a nasty story on you.

It should be remembered that Alioto is one of the few men in public life who understands the monopoly problems of Superchron. He's an excellent antitrust attorney, and an attorney associated with his 111 Sutter St. office is battling the Salt Lake City Tribune/Deseret News/Mormon Church media combine in Utah.

Conservation intelligence: Westbay Associates, running scared when its bay fill lobby began to lose support last week, flew its $300-a-day chief flak, E.R. Stallings, back from a Far East vacation. According to a Westbay official, Stallings "camped outside Dolwig's door waiting for his amendments."

Westbay's erosion of support began at an Assembly hearing last week when Robert Archer, another Westbay lobbyist, was shaken to speechlessness by Assemblyman John Knox's intensive questioning. A Westbay official said later, "We're just sick about it." Leslie Salt's man didn't fare much better.

Michael McCloskey, the Sierra Club's new chief of staff, ironically has gained a freer hand in the club's application of conservation power than did his old boss, David Brower. Brower, discharged by a new board of directors for his abuses of power, never had the trust among Club Brahmins that McCloskey already has won. A cool, mannered lawyer, McCloskey fits into the Club's old guard as Brower never did. But one wonders how badly the Brower style will be missed.

Despite the TV and print hoopla, the city's promises of jobs and recreational opportunities for the summer are quite likely to be unfilled this year as they have been in the past. Last week some ghetto leaders gathered with Revels Cayton of the mayor's office and Ed Scaraff of the Transamerica Corp. to announce their job-recreation program.

It was all dutifully reported, but without any indication that the men who really count in such civic matters--such as the bank presidents--were conspicuous by their absence. Unless things change dramatically, look for another summer job-recreation failure from the city and private business.

Lobbyists-- challenge to their power

By Tiffin Patrick

SACRAMENTO--A coalition of anti-lobbyist senators from both parties has toppled Senate President Pro Tem Hugh Burns and now threatens the long impregnable power of California's "third house," the House of Lobbyists.

How serious this threat is depends on how effectively the new leader, conservative Republican Howard Way of Tulare County, can keep together his unlikely alliance of liberal Democrats and right-wing Republicans.

The challenge to Burns and the lobbies was triggered (almost accidentally) by December revelations in the Los Angeles Times: Burns purportedly carried legislation that benefitted an insurance company in which he shared a half-million-dollar profit.

One of the men who shared this tidy sum with Burns was David Oliver, lobbyist for several insurance companies and a friend of Burns.

Though Burns was criticized in the press by such liberals as Sen. Anthony Beilenson (D-Beverly Hills), no Senate leader in either party ventured to attack him. Burns' transaction is hardly unique in the Senate, but most senators are intimidated by the pot-calling-the-kettle-black perils they'd face in disclosing such pecadilloes.

Then Way joined in a suggestion made tongue-in-cheek by C.K. McClatchy, Sacramento Bee executive editor, calling on the legislature ethics committee to investigate its own chairman, Burns, for conflict of interest.

Way's willingness to criticize openly what many senators complain of privately made his candidacy palatable (if not attractive) to the small group of liberals, who have chafed under Burns' conservative leadership.

Both Way and the liberals bided their time, awaiting the special Contra Costa election on March 25. When ex-district-attorney John Nejedly won the vacant seat created by the Jan. 1 death of Democrat George Miller, Republicans claimed a Senate majority for the first time in more than a decade.

Way and such arch-conservatives as Sen. Clark L. Bradley (R-San Jose) then met with the liberals and worked out the coalition. Way, whose main problem was inside his own party, refused to promise choice assignments to individual Democrats, but gave firm assurances that the House of Lobbyists would not call so many shots.

The "third house" has dominated the other two houses since the early 1930s, when kingpin liquor lobbyist Artie Samish came into power. And though most press accounts of the Way-Burns battle have unravelled as partisan (Democratic vs. Republican) or ideological (liberals and moderates vs. conservatives) or parliamentary (executive branch vs. legislative), the real issue here is how much Way's coalition can stand up against the still well-entrenched establishment senators who, besides Burns, include:

SEN. JOHN F. (Jack) MCCARTHY (R-San Rafael), Vice-chairman of the Rules Committee and Burns' closest friend in the Senate; frequent supporter of legislation supported by contracting industry and of other major lobbyists; author of the most industry-oriented "bay conservation" bill. His backing of Burns prevented Republicans from changing Senate leadership in 1968. He and his brother, former Sen. and State Motor Vehicle Director Robert McCarthy, own 1,000 acres of underwater property near McNear's Point, east of San Rafael. Their Loch Lomond Yacht Harbor development has about 75 to 80 underwater acres.

SEN. RANDOLPH COLLIER (D-Yreka), Dean of the Senate, has been elected to the upper house consecutively since 1938. Takes pride in the title "father of the freeways" that advertises his cosy association with the highway lobby. Chaired the Senate Transportation Committee for years and now is chairman of Senate Finance Committee which, alongwith the Rules and Governmental Efficiency committees, are the most important to special interests in the Senate. A close friend of Bert Trask, lobbyist for the California Trucking Association who accompanied him on a junketing trip to Spain in 1962, Collier switched from the Republican to Democratic parties in 1957 in the decisive vote to elect Burns president pro tem.

SEN. RICHARD J. DOLWIG (R-Atherton), Chairman of the Senate Governmental Efficiency Committee, traditional graveyard for progressive legislation. Dolwig frequently carries legislation of benefit to insurance or savings and loan industry. In 1958 he and a now deceased Sacramento senator were attorneys for clients involved in right of way settlements totaling $1 million at the time they were members of a legislative committee studying condemnation laws. Dolwig, who is close to Burns and helped McCarthy prevent his overthrow last year, in 1957 authored a bill imposing restrictions upon the state insurance commissioner's authority to order refunds to consumers of excessively high premiums. A deputy attorney general at that time called the measure "the biggest money grab of the year."

Other members of the Senate establishment include Jack Schrade (R-San Diego), Joseph Kennick (D-Long Beach) and Stephen Teale (D-West Point). All seven of these Establishment senators serve on the key committees of Rules and Governmental Efficiency. Five of the seven (everyone except Kennick and Teale) also serve on the nine-member insurance and Financial Institutions Committee, which processes all banking and savings and loan legislation. It is an interlocking directorate matched only by:

The third house

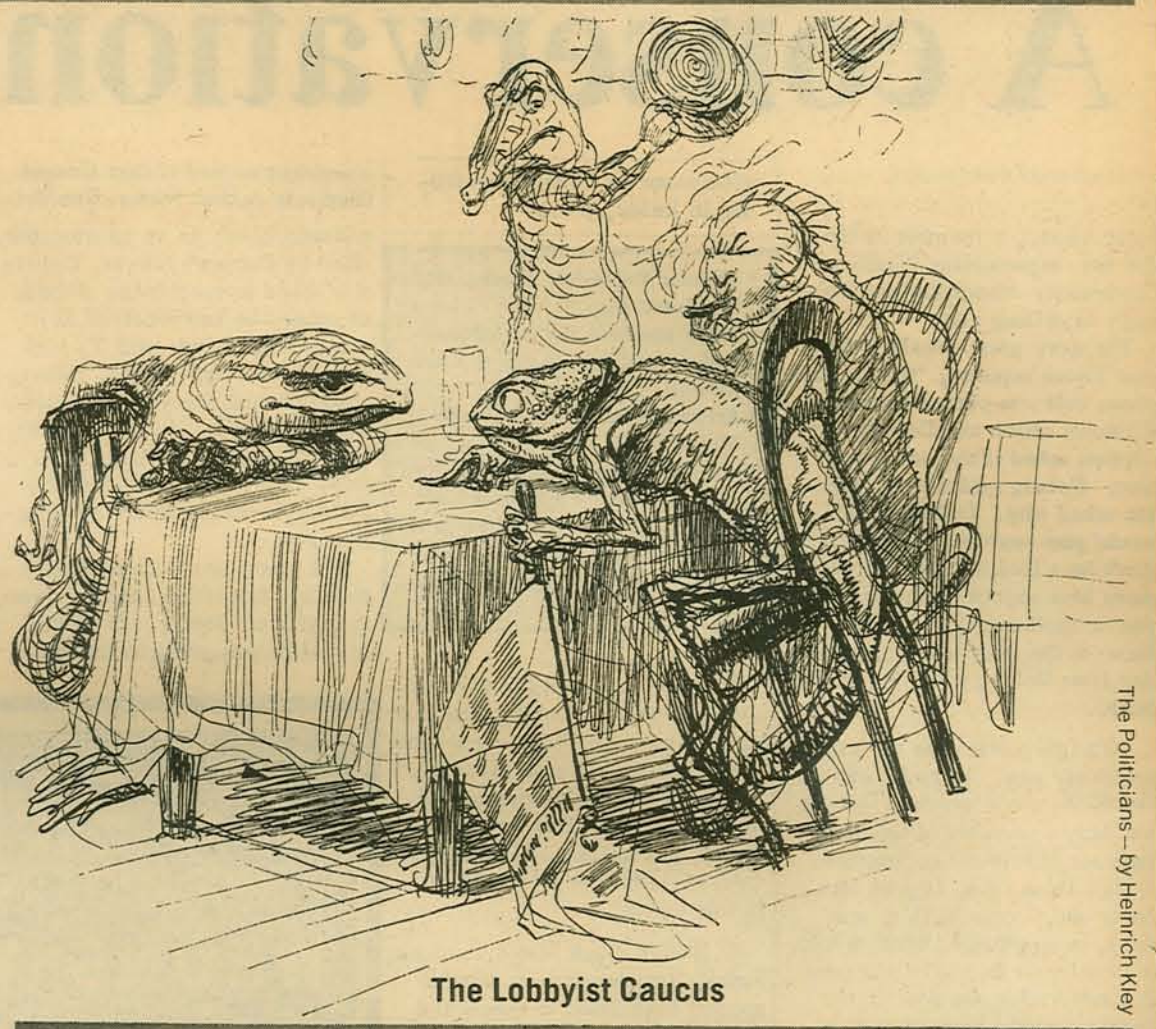
JAMES D. (Judge) GARIBALDI --Former assemblyman and judge, he may be the most important single lobbyist since Artie Samish. Unlike Samish, however, he is a member, first among equals, of a formidable team of lobbyists who often work together on major legislation of importance to special interests. Garibaldi's clients include the California Beverage Distributors Association, the Hollywood Turf Club, Blue Chip Stamps, the California Association of Highway Patrolmen, California Court Reporters Association, Pacific Outdoor Advertising Company and the Signal Companies. He is a friend of Burns and Dolwig and is well-known to all establishment senators. Garibaldi's newest client is Leslie Salt Company.

DANIEL J. CREEDON--A former assemblyman who resigned his legislative job to take over for Samish when the latter was convicted of federal income evasion charges 16 years ago. He represents the Malt Beverage Industry, the California Association of Thrift and Loan Companies, the Highway Patrolmen (with Garibaldi), the California Funeral Directors Association, the Consulting Engineers Association of California, the City of Vernon and a group called Association for Retirement Credit for Out-of-State service (ARCOSS), which promotes retirement pay for teachers based on their service in other states. Creedon also represents Leslie Salt.

ALBERT J. SCHULTS--One of the nation's most successful oil lobbyists and the single man most responsible for the absence of an oil severance tax in California. His clients comprise a who's who of the oil industry and include Atlantic Richfield Company, E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Ethyl Corporation, Gulf Oil Corporation of California, Humble Oil & Refining Company, Mobil Oil Corporation, Phillips Petroleum Company, S.F. law firm of Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro (Standard Oil of California), Shell Oil Company and the Union Oil Company of California.

VINCENT KENNEDY--One of the leading "old pro" lobbyists in Sacramento, he now is in semi-retirement as a consultant to the California Retailers Association that he represented for many years.

THE END



The Politicians--by Heinrich Kley

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A conservationist is born

—continued from page 1

ment Assoc., a member of the law firm representing Westbay Community Associates and Dolwig's bayfilling ally.

The story goes, recalls a former Times reporter, "that a quick phone call was placed between Clinton's office and Dolwig's. Clinton asked if the rumor was true. Dolwig said it was. Clinton asked why. Dolwig said it would pass anyway. Clinton said don't be a fool; there're people down here expecting support from you no matter what." No one knows if the story is true, but a day later Dolwig voted No on the BCDC.

Dolwig's power over the bay is relatively new. In 1965, when the BCDC was approved, Dolwig was only a member of the Government Efficiency committee. At that time Sens. Eugene McAteer and George Miller, now dead, overpowered Dolwig's voice of development. "The big guns in conservation are gone in the Senate," said a state capitol reporter, "but Dolwig and his friends are stronger than ever."

Dolwig's "friends" are the lobbyists for the bay's largest planned or completed fill projects. Millions of dollars are at stake in the present fight over the extension of BCDC powers, and such developers as Leslie Salt Co., Foster City, Redwood Shores and Westbay Community Associates (including Crocker Land Co., Ideal Cement Co., and David Rockefeller) have hired the most expensive lobbyists in Sacramento.

Westbay alone has six men at work on defeating the BCDC, the head lobbyist being E. R. Stallings, the former San Mateo Co. Manager who hired on (at $300 a day) at Westbay barely a month after quiting as county manager.

(See more on Dolwig bay-filling in Inside, p 4.)

- **Senator Richard J. Dolwig, KPIX television, May 9, 1969: "I have never opposed the Bay Conservation and Development Commission."**
- **Associated Press, April 14, 1965: "The Senate Government Efficiency Committee today approved Senator Eugene McAteer's Bay Conservation and Development Commission bill... Senator Richard Dolwig alone dissented the measure."**

Stallings is an old friend of Dolwig's. A former Dolwig aide said the two men are "very, very close both socially and professionally."

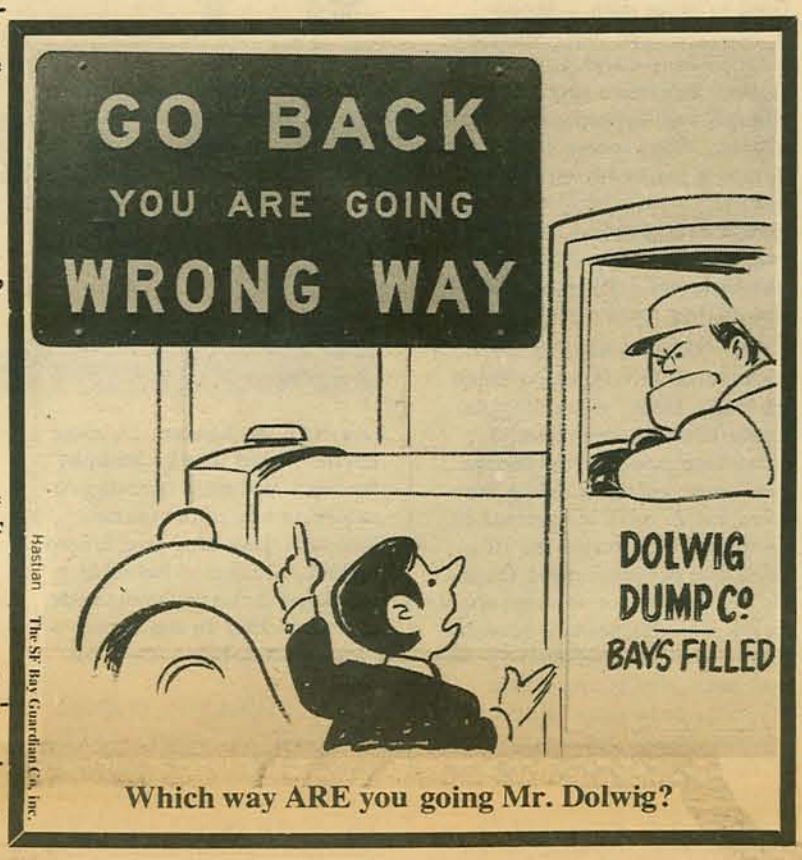
But Dolwig began long ago to legislate bay fill into San Mateo County's shoreline. "I am," he once told the press, "no virgin in this matter."

In 1960 T. Jack Foster and Sons, Foster City, developers, needed special legislation to create the Estero Municipal Improvement District. The district would include only the Foster development, and would allow Foster to tax the residents for future construction in the development. The legislation was passed. It's author was Richard J. Dolwig.

Almost a year later, some Foster City residents sought voting and tax reforms for their city. Arlen Gregorio, chairman of San Mateo County's democratic central committee then supported the move but said, "It appears simply a matter of how and when Dolwig will have the reform bill killed or emasculated. Dolwig has ...again jumped in on behalf of Foster City residents." Two days later Dolwig emasculated the bill.

When legislative reform failed, a resident named Walter Cooper filed suit against Foster. One defendant: Dolwig. In an interrogatory filed by Cooper's lawyer, Dolwig was asked to specify the amount of money he had received as a result of his work with T. Jack Foster and Sons. Twice, Dolwig asked for and was granted extensions of time in which to answer. "He was playing for time, and he won," Cooper's lawyer recalls. Dolwig never answered the interrogatory.

"His arrogance is incredible," recalls a television newsman who interviewed Dolwig. "I asked him if he was going to support Reagan or Nixon for the Republican presidential nomination, and he answered, "I refuse to answer that. I want to get re-elected."



Which way ARE you going Mr. Dolwig?

Dolwig's desire to get re-elected drove him several months later to have a study made by the State Division of Highways concerning the traffic that would be generated by the two largest bay fill housing developments in the West Bay, Foster City and Redwood Shores. In January, 1969, Dolwig announced that the study was complete and that a new freeway should be built in the bay to serve the increased traffic load along the bayshore. If that wasn't sufficient to handle the load, Dolwig said, the Division of Highways had found it "feasible" to double-deck the present bayshore freeway.

(See Inside column)

Despite the ravage that Dolwig's legislation has dealt to the bay tidelands, his treatment by the city and county government and the peninsula press has been delicate. But in San Mateo County politics, Dolwig's own conflicts of interest are often linked to that of another official's, and the delicate treatment becomes understandable.

E. R. Stallings, as county manager, is unlikely to object to bay filling if he is so close to Westbay that he will soon become one of its lobbyists. Carl Britschgi, Assemblyman from Redwood City, often called "the voice of Leslie Salt in Sacramento" will raise few objections. Relations between Leslie and Redwood City are so close, in fact, that Redwood Shores, a Leslie subsidiary, once printed its press releases on city hall stationary. Dolwig and Britschgi are also close enough so that, when a federal bankruptcy judge reviewed a defunct development company's sale of a valuable piece of property to the State for a new college site, he noted that both legislators were "financially linked" to the sale they had encouraged in the legislature.

The press in San Mateo County County has proved as docile as its local governments. With the occasional exception of the Burlingame Advance Star, Dolwig has enjoyed freedom from the scrutiny that the press should provide. San Mateo Times publisher Clinton, however, is hardly likely to oppose Dolwig's exploitive legislation as long as Clinton himself remains so heavily connected to Bay development. For his part, Dolwig has encouraged his amicable relations with the press. The Senator is well-known for his one-nighters to Sacramento for reporters. A greyhound bus, outfitted with scotch and bourbon, would pull up outside the city rooms, load on the reporters and head for the Capitol. Under prompting of aide William Sheppherd the bus trips were later dropped for individual trips by plane. Either way, they are expensive.

The peninsula press also insulate Dolwig's Sacramento schemes through their absence of any Capitol bureaus. The big city bureaus cover him only incidentally, and Dolwig's position as chairman of the GE remains powerful but unobtrusive. His lack of publicity has enabled him to maneuver with impunity and to scorn the public reaction that others would have feared. So it was to have been with the Bay.

● ● ●

Last Thursday, in the glare of television lights, Dolwig announced that he had changed his mind. The Bay wasn't to be doomed after all; he was, in fact, going to save it himself. And he had his bill, with 19 amendments--count'em--19, to prove it.

After a decade of sponsoring legislation that filled, diked, and dredged San Francisco Bay, Dick Dolwig had walked the road to Damascus.

Two days later, Dolwig was asked on KPIX television if he thought he could get the bill passed. "Yes, of course," he said, and flashed a smile that looked much like a wink.

The fact is Dolwig could easily kill his own bill. His own committee could kill it. Or his friends in the finance committee. Or he could make the bill so strong that, shaken with the fear of creeping socialism, legislators would defeat it on the Senate floor.

The bill itself smells of Dolwigiana. It adopts only part of the BCDC plan, requiring the adoption of a new plan up to 120 days after the legislature adjourns. But the present BCDC authority expires 90 days after the legislature adjourns. Will there be a 30 day lapse with a powerless BCDC? The source of revenue, instead of coming from the general fund, will come from taxes levied on offshore oil rigs near the Long Beach area. Revenues will be those left after six other government agencies have taken theirs.

There is a final possibility. Dick Dolwig's bill could be a sincere effort to save the bay. "But it's funny," a peninsula journalist noted, "no one gives it much thought. The other motives are too obvious."

Dolwig is up for re-election next year and the voters in San Mateo County were serious. Last week some 400 letters a day were arriving in his office demanding that he change his position. In San Mateo County the Save Our Bay Committee was collecting tens of thousands of signatures protesting his Bay tactics, and busloads of Bay residents packed hearing rooms in the Capitol. If Dolwig was not worried about his re-election, his colleagues were.

For the present, at least, Dolwig's solution to the problem was shrewd. It turned off the conservationist heat before it reached a boil, and gave him time to decide how he might dilute or kill his own bill. But diluting or killing one's own bill is awkward at the least, and potentially dangerous. The leaders of the Save Our Bay movement will be watching for just that. If he does, they will howl. If he doesn't, the developers will howl.

A Sacramento reporter observed, "Dick Dolwig is an old pro at deception. He can piss on your leg and tell you it's raining. He's been doing it for years and getting re-elected. It's unlikely that he will get caught now, but it's the closest he's been in a long time."

Dolwig would understand that. His maneuvers in the remainder of the legislative session will be a show to watch. And, with appreciation of Dolwig's talents, it will be one to watch with dread.

THE END

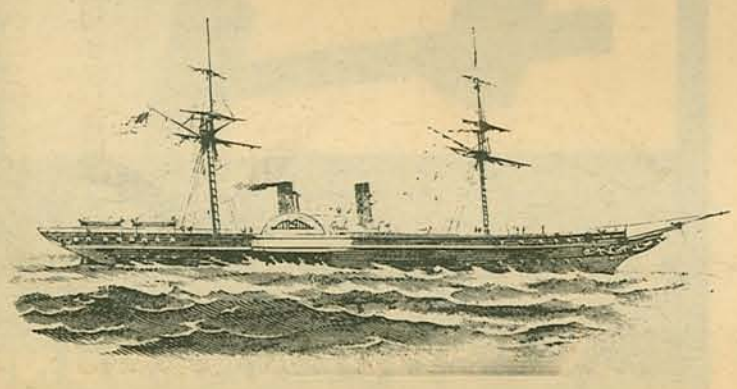


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Hot dog! It's not as good as you think

By Jennifer Cross

It would be nice if we consumers got a chance to exercise some real influence over the quality of our food, but this happy state of affairs is not likely to result from the "chickendog" hearings next month on the composition of franks and cooked sausage.

Two industry groups are at each other's throats over the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture's proposal to limit the fat content of hot dogs to 30 per cent and to allow up to 15 per cent poultry meat without the present need to say "franks, chicken added."

Bowing to meatpacker pressure, the USDA reversed its earlier decision to hold public hearings on both issues, and announced that hearings would be held only on the fat content part of the proposal, leaving the chickendog question to be decided by write-in comments and, of course, industry lobbies.

"We don't want the whole problem Naderized again," said Norman Maffit, vice president in San Francisco of the Western States Meatpackers Association, which represents nearly 700 meatpackers and sausage-makers in 14 western states.

Unwholesome meat

Public hearings would "give crackpots a chance to get their name in the paper," he added, admitting that the meat industry is still gunshy after the pulverizing Nader gave it during the 1967 hearings on the Wholesome Meat Act...followed by his recent charges that the Hormel Company in California is producing some unwholesome meat.

What's beneath the industry's reluctance to permit a public airing? First, there are the inter-industry feuds. For several years broiler and turkey producers have been trying to muscle in on the sausage market. The meat industry, afraid of losing sales, is taking a stand on its belief that the public likes franks the way they are.

Today the poultry industry verges on over-production. Since it is unable to breed a six-legged, four-breasted bird, there is a surplus of wing, back and neck meat, whipped from the carcass by a new centrifuge machine, which is hard to sell at a profit. While there is no glut of bull and cow meat, each year packers are stuck with more than 2.5 million pounds of fat, plus trimmings, which have little retail value but can be smoothly emulsified in sausage in ever-increasing quantities, thanks to what passes for "progress" in meat processing.

Then too, the industry doesn't wish to broadcast exactly what goes into cooked sausage, particularly because of current scares about too much fat in our diet. Readers of Consumer Reports may recall that 1958 and 1964 surveys showed that franks had less food value than most people imagine. The fat content ranged from 17.2 - 35.3 per cent; today it is 19-41 per cent, with most brands nudging 30 per cent. On top of this is up to 10 per cent added water, plus 3.5 per cent extender, unless the label says "all meat/beef/pork."

With this 40-odd per cent of marginal ingredients it is not surprising that franks contain half the protein of cooked chuck, and work out at 80 cents-$1.00 a pound for the actual meat. They are also rather high in calories (about 155 per frank) since little fat is lost in cooking.

Actually, there are good arguments for including poultry meat in cooked sausage, since it is as nutritious as red meat, and undetectable in moderate quantities. It is also cheaper, though whether this would be reflected at retail is debatable.

Proposed fat limit

Far more important is the proposed 30 per cent fat limit, which the USDA admits "represents the maximum fat content that has been found to be normal." If this is adopted, it is likely to become the norm instead of the maximum.

Complicating the fat-limit controversy are small independents-represented by the Pacific Coast Meat Jobbers Association in San Francisco-contending that 30 per cent fat is too low, and that "if all the standards get leveled out, then the big people will clean up."

Because many low-income people use franks as their main source of meat, the fat content ought to be kept low and the protein content boosted.

One of the Berkeley Co-op's contributions on the chickendog controversy will be the results of a consumer taste-test, and chemical analysis, of seven types of franks found in the Bay area. Lowest fat was H&S all beef (19.5 per cent), highest protein was Capri (14.1 per cent). Worst value in terms of the highest fat and lowest protein was Oscar Mayer all beef (34.4 per cent fat, 8 per cent protein)... oddly enough, tops in popularity!

There is also a good case for changing Federal labeling policy and listing the ingredients in the percentages in which they appear. This is now only done in the case of petfood, which is ironical since animals can't read. But shoppers who care about nutrition are strapped for information. The food industry has always resisted this suggestion, partly to protect trade secrets, partly to preserve its freedom to tinker with the product, but also through that old fear of telling us precisely what we are eating.

THE END

Consumer News briefs

*Gradually Washington is climbing on the consumer bandwagon. Heading the trend is the President's new special assistant for consumer affairs, Mrs. Virginia Knauer. There are also two Congressional consumer subcommittees, chaired by Sen. Frank Moss (D-Utah) and Rep. Leonor Sullivan (D-Mo). A man to watch is Rep. Benjamin S. Rosenthal (D-NY), sponsor of a bill to set up a cabinet-level department of consumer affairs.

*Prospects look encouraging for the passage of a stiff fish inspection bill (S. 1092) currently being processed by the Senate Commerce Committee. The reason: stagnant sales and damning quality reports by Consumer Reports and the US Dept. of the Interior have left the industry without a fin to stand on.

*An all-day seminar on consumer problems in the Bay Area will be held Saturday, May 17, at the Marin Co-op. Program includes a light show, two panels of Co-op home economists and Bay Area legislators, and talks by Consumer Union's Walter Sandbach, Stanford's Professor Rivers and the State AFL-CIO's Mike Peevey. Registration fee (includes lunch) is $4. For further information call Mrs. Lee Collor, education assistant at the Marin Co-op, 924-5200.

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The arrogance of monopoly

When General Motors was caught red-handed trying to intimidate auto critic Ralph Nader with private dicks, the Chronicle of March 24, 1966, ended an editorial:

"Sen. Ribicoff closed the hearing with the conclusion that 'there's too much snooping going on in this country.'

"In this conclusion we heartily concur."

It is disconcerting to find, just three years later, that Superchron is up to the same dirty business of trying to "intimidate, harass and coerce two government witnesses," as their attorney, Charles Cline Moore, puts it. It is a federal crime to intimidate government witnesses, with a maximum prison sentence of five years and $5,000 fine, or both.

Superchron executives will most likely escape this kind of penalty, just as did GM executives, but they just may lose their enormously lucrative KRON-television license with this funny business (plus the damning exibits and evidence being placed on the record in its FCC license renewal hearing). And they just may further damage the case Superchron is making, with 21 other joint agency newspaper monopolies, in their latest move in Washington to legitimate their news monopolies and get around an adverse Supreme Court decision with the "Preservation" Newspaper Act.

It's all very complicated, but it boils down to the fact that one of the nation's most powerful communications monopolies --Ex/Chron/KRON/KRON-TV/KRON/radio/KRON-FM/CATV/Chronicle interests in Ortega Investment et al and Hearst interests throughout the world--is in deep trouble.

Its monopoly power is under attack by the U.S. Supreme Court(in the recent Tucson case which holds illegal the Ex/Chron type of agency arrangement) and the U.S. government (which successfully charged this type of agency arrangement with price fixing, profit pooling and market control) and the Federal Communications Commission (which has held up license renewal of KRON, a Chronicle broadcast affiliate, and has set for hearing several serious charges of undue media concentration, monopoly abuse, anti-competitive practices and news management for corporate benefit) and several aggrieved ex-employes (who have sued Chron for hundreds of millions of dollars.)

You don't hear much about these things in San Francisco--The Chronicle's O'Flaherty doesn't write about Al Kihn and the Examiner's Dick Nolan doesn't write about Superchron's gross receipts tax exemption.

Nobody writes about their corporate problems and almost nobody knew that they occasionally resort to the use of private dicks to help solve them.

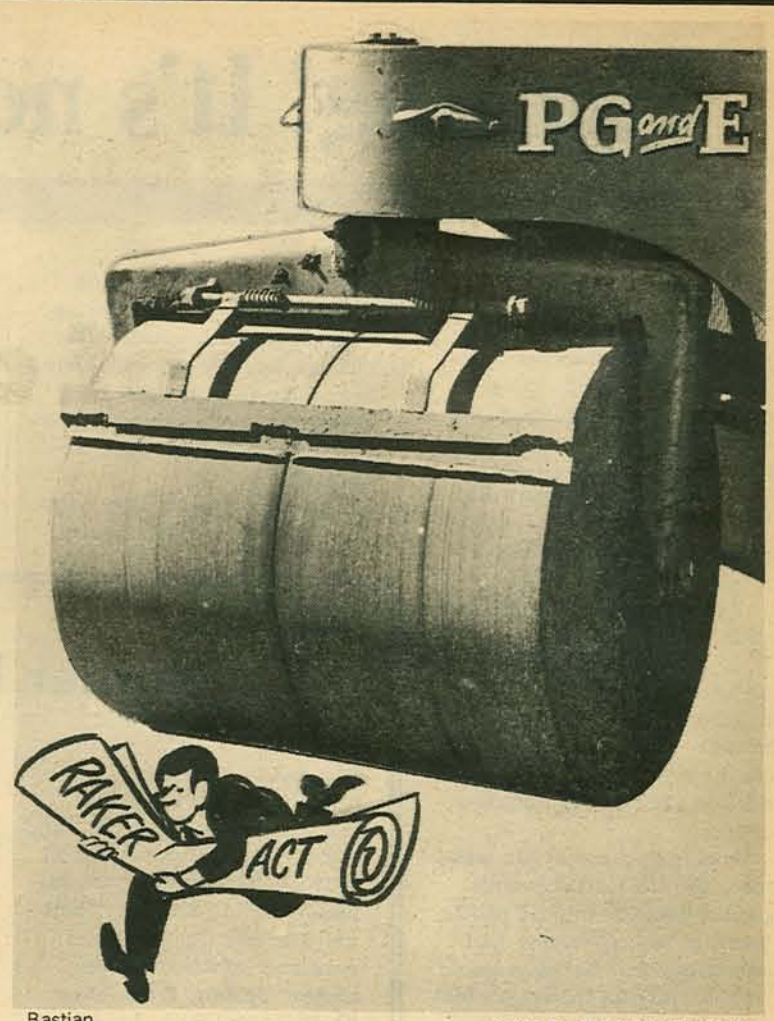
The first point is that the Superchron agency type of arrangement violates the Sherman and Clayton anti-trust acts. It should be broken up and broken up immediately by the Justice Department now that the Tucson case has been upheld by the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court has said: Superchron's type of agency has been fixing prices, pooling profits and forcing market control. It forces advertisers to buy both papers and to pay stiff ad rates...it forces subscribers to pay more for papers... it forces the city to pay more for legal advertising...it gobbles up the advertising with its joint rates and in effect forces the SF Argonaut out of business ...it forecloses forever effective daily competition in San Francisco...it limits debate and ideas.

The second point is that the Chron part of Superchron, as Al Kihn's Diary on p. 15 demonstrates, should no longer be allowed to hold a television license and no longer allowed to consolidate its local media monopoly with CATV outlets. Most newspapers that operate television stations at least do a competent news job, but Kihn shows why KRON has the most club-footed and self-serving operation in town.

Superchron's monopoly profits and monopoly power do not flow naturally from the play of the free enterprise system we read about in Ex/Chron editorials. No: it comes largely through strategic government help: (1) through a government franchise, KRON, which gave the Chronicle the monopoly profits it used to force the Ex to the wall competitively and destroy newspaper competition in SF: (2) through the U.S. government's refusal to prosecute the illegal 1965 merger.

Now: it is time to use the power of government (through anti-trust and through the FCC) to break up Superchron and like monopolies and restore full-blooded newspaper competition. Nothing keeps a newspaper honest except another independent newspaper.



Bastian

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Who sold out?

President Nixon and his Atty. Gen. John Mitchell are asking a lot of questions about Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas. They should. Fortas is a disgrace to the Court.

But let us ask some questions of them. How, for example, could Mitchell dismiss so important an anti-trust action as the El Paso Natural Gas-Pacific Northwest Gas case (an action that will profoundly affect the industrial development of the West) after only six days in office? How could he do this so quickly when Nixon's law firm was involved? (Mitchell is a former senior partner in the Nixon firm of Nixon, Mudge, Ross, Guthrie, Alexander and Mitchell, which between 1961-67 received $771,129.83 from El Paso.) Why didn't Mitchell let the courts decide it, which is the proper procedure, rather than taking the matter in his own hands?

As California's Bill Bennett told Drew Pearson, "There were three pipelines serving the West. Now there are two. The people of California are completely at the mercy of El Paso Natural Gas and the prices it wants to charge as a result of Mitchell's dismissal."

Obviously, there was a smelly backroom deal made by the gas companies and the Nixon/Mitchell administration.

What is not so obvious is why California buckled under and gave up the case after Bennett, as a fighting state's attorney, battled up to the Supreme Court three different times and three times got a ruling that the monopoly must be broken up.

Atty. Gen. Thomas Lynch and his deputy, Charles W. O'Brien, made the decision to knuckle under. They fought Bennett's return to the AG's office when Gov. Reagan allowed his term to expire as PUC commissioner. They didn't ask his advice on El Paso. They forced Bennett, by their abdication, to continue his remarkable fight as a private citizen. We're glad he did, but the question remains: where is the State of California in a case that so affects its economic and industrial welfare?

Charlie O'Brien, we understand, wants to run for attorney general. This decision alone should disqualify him.

The Raker Act

"Illegal acts by large corporations seldom receive the attention paid to illegal acts by small individuals. The relatively tender treatment accorded corporate misbehavior has not gone unnoticed on a younger more candid generation than ours."

With these words, Sen. Lee Metcalf (D-Montana) placed in the Congressional Record the Guardian's March 27 Raker Act expose. It detailed how the political combination of PG&E and the daily press have defied the City of San Francisco, the U.S. government and the U.S. Supreme Court in keeping its own Hetch Hetchy public power out of San Francisco for decades.

Now the city is talking about floating bond issues for more power-generating facilities in the Sierra and of raising Hetch Hetchy water rates for water users in San Mateo County. This is nonsense. Nobody, anywhere, anytime, should pay a cent more for power or for water until the City of San Francisco enforces the Raker Act and begins bringing us the enormous benefits of public power. (Estimated annual revenue: $30 million.)



To the editor:

Thank you very much for sending me the issue of the Guardian commenting on our Grand Jury system.

I am personally of the view that the Grand Jury, as now constituted, is a somewhat archaic institution. In my opinion the civil and criminal functions should be carried on by entirely separate and distinct bodies with a different method of selection for each.

However, in view of the necessity for uniformity, I believe that the only way to accomplish any meaningful change is through legislation.

LELAND J. LAZARUS, JUDGE
Superior Court of California, SF
San Francisco

(ed. note: The Guardian sent a copy of its grand jury article, with a note asking for specific comment, to each of the city's 24 superior court judges. They, and they alone, select the grand jury and they do it each year from among their narrow circle of friends and cronies. Only Judge Lazarus replied. See editorial.)

To the editor:

Is there any chance you could go into more television and radio criticism? I would also like to see you cover the relationship of the Peninsula press to the San Francisco press: I've long had the theory that the suburbs don't know much about San Francisco and San Francisco doesn't know much about the suburbs because there is no press connection. The Peninsula paper, for example, don't cover the PUC and the hanky panky connected with our watershed. And the SF papers don't know much about our county's filler barons. One example is how they swallowed Sen. Dolwig whole.

James E. Doran
Belmont

To the editor:

Your paper is a breath of fresh air and the most lively and careful criticism of the local media I've seen anywhere. (I've enclosed a subscription.) If there was something like it in every city we'd have a better and more responsive commercial press, and a better and more responsive civic government.

BEN BAGDIKIAN
(author, press critic)
Pacific Palisades

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Forgotten victims of an unpopular war



—George Gardiner Copyright, 1968 The Bay Guardian Co. Inc.

Gary Sampson

A stump leg or missing arm --for the last 100 years this sight has been one of the few visible reminders of the wars America has fought on foreign soil.

As recently as Korea, GI amputees were paraded before the public at War Bond drives and patriotic rallies. Vietnam has changed that.

There is little fanfare for the soldier-amputee in San Francisco, even though about half of Vietnam War's amputees are treated in the Bay Area's two giant service hospitals, Letterman General and Oakland Naval. (These two facilities care for some 400 amputees a year. The only other American amputee centers are at Walter Reed and the Philadelphia Naval Hospital.)

Not that the amputees are hidden away--they go to Reno, to Disneyland, to the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, and some have even been taught to ski at Tahoe--but the emphasis is different these days: The armed forces are not even anxious to grant interviews, and delays in dealing with their public information officers are frequent.

I was only able to interview amputees chosen by the hospitals, and then only in the presence of the hospital's PR people. The Army's self-protective mania hasn't changed since I was in the service ten years ago.

The medical care at Letterman and in Oakland seemed excellent, but Vietnam is a war in which visual reminders are not wanted. In 1967 a group of wounded soldiers was not admitted to a Chicago nightclub because the manager claimed "they would upset the other guests."

Sp. 5 Larry Tomovick, 21, Mountain View, California.

Tomovick was an Army tanker in Vietnam. After four days in battle his 40-man platoon was down to 18 men. His unit, which had three tanks and seven armored personnel carriers, was ordered to spend the night in a jungle clearing. The tank gunsights ranged from 500 to 4400 yards, but the jungle was only a few feet away. Tomovick told me that doesn't matter because they never see the North Vietnamese anyway, they just fire at sounds.

From somewhere, Tomovick's tank was hit by an RPG --rocket-propelled grenade. An RPG doesn't explode, it burns at an extremely high temperature. It hits a tank and melts through the armor and splashes hot metal all over inside.

Tomovick lost his left leg and right arm and suffered severe eye damage. "This is life, it's not all roses," Tomovick said. "You have to suffer hell to understand heaven."

Tomovick faces his burden with a brittle but sincere bravado. "People can only pull my leg half as much now."

The wounds these men receive are ugly, vicious and personal. A standard U.S. Army anti-personnel mine is designed to pop up three feet in the air before exploding. It's filled with triangularly segmented strips of metal (a triangular wound is one of the most difficult to heal). The size of the charge is designed to make the shrapnel maim (in many cases searing off genitalia) but not kill. The idea is that two men will be required to care for the wounded man; and that the wound will be ugly and demoralizing. Enemy weapons are no nicer.

One of the amputees, his right arm blown off by a grenade, told me he spent the first few days at the hospital crying under his pillow.

Letterman and the Oakland Hospitals combat such demoralization by putting the amputees together in wards where they can can bolster each other's spirits. Formal psychological help is rare, but nearly everyone who works with them practices some kind of therapy.



1969—George Gardiner
The SF Bay Guardian Co, Inc.

The basic technique is to point out to the patient that there's always somebody worse off. If a man has lost a leg, he's reminded of a man who's lost two legs. If a man has lost all four limbs, he is told of soldiers who have suffered brain damage and become "vegetables."

Later more positive therapy is used. There's skiing, and some amputees go hunting, fishing, even scuba-diving. Technicians at the prosthetics lab in Oakland have designed a special attachment for arm amputees enabling them to bowl. Performing such normal activities builds self-confidence.

Sgt. Vince Rios, 23, Santa Monica, California.

Rios, four years a Marine, told me he planned a career as a soldier before he was wounded. Ten days before his first four-year enlistment was up, Rios was leading his platoon to a new area. He stepped off the trail to pass a man in front of him and set off a boobytrapped 105 mm artillery shell. He remembers shouting, "Get down, get down. This whole place is boobytrapped."

Rios lost his right arm and both legs at the hip.

A barrel-chested man, he is married and has a 13-month-old son. Before he joined the Marines he did some boxing. Now, he told me, he wants to train to be a draftsman.

I asked him what Vietnam looked like.

"Vietnam would be a beautiful place in peacetime," he said said, "like a tropical island, but the war is eating away at their society."

Rios favors the war, but thinks "we are killing a lot of people on both sides who shouldn't have been killed because we drag it out."

The limb and brace shop at Letterman reminded me of a machine shop more than a hospital department. The technicians could as well have been elves making doll parts for Santa Claus as prosthetists making legs for people.

Their product--a leg of nylon, dacron, fiberglass and plastic--is turned out at the rate of 15 to 20 per month. Each one is prepared individually because each wound is individual.

For arms, the amputees are sent to the more elaborate facilities of the Oakland Naval Hospital. Cosmetic hands are available, but most amputees take the more practical hooks.

Msgt. Russell W. Curtis, 33 Albuquerque, N.M.

Curtis has spent half his life in the Marines, joining when he was 17. Tall and lean, he is the the perfect image of the Parris Island drill instructor--a position he held for two years.

After serving 11 months and two weeks of a 13-month tour of duty in Vietnam, he lost his right arm and half his left hand in a grenade explosion. The Navy says he fell on the grenade to save his buddies and gave gave him the Navy Cross. Curtis told me he was just trying to get rid of it when it blew up in his hand.

He has spent 20 months at the Oakland Naval Hospital, undergoing "26 or 27" operations, many on his eyes which also were injured.

He is stoical about his wounds, considering them the hazards of his profession. "It's hard to take, but I took it," he said. His father served in the Army for 27 years.

Curtis is one of the few Vietnam veterans to appear at an old-fashioned patriotic rally--an increasingly rare event.

Amputees receive two kinds of treatment in addition to medical care--physical and occupational therapy.

The Physical Therapy section at Letterman General Hospital has the mood of a spartan Vic Tanny gym, with maimed young men instead of plump housewives. A female colonel runs the section, herself spare and spartan in appearance.

It's hard work for the amputees and sometimes painful, so a rather firm attitude is required of the physical therapist to make the wounded perform. The basic appeal is to self-interest --"You'd better pull those weights, it's for your own good."

Occupational therapy is not really occupational, but rather consists of weaving, drawing and the like. The purpose is to improve dexterity and self-confidence. A typical O.T. exercise, for example, is to learn how to handle silverware with a hook instead of a hand.

Navy Hospitalman 2nd. Class Class David Alcantar, 21, Los Angeles.

Alcantar left college to join the Navy three years ago. He was made a medic and served with a Marine engineering unit in Vietnam. After three months there, the truck he was riding in hit a road mine. The driver was killed outright, Alcantar lost both legs.

As a medic, Alcantar saw more of the Vietnamese than most of his fellow soldiers. He told me he treated many Vietnamese in the villages his outfit passed through. I asked him how he got along with them.

"The older people usually stayed away," he answered, "but I treated some who said they they needed help. Mostly it was was for things like infections and and suturing cuts. I guess they just didn't like us, I don't know. We did play with the kids though."

Alcantar wants to be an artist. "I've been sketching a lot lately," he told me, "I think I'm pretty good."

Soon Alcantar will be sent to a service hospital in the Los Angeles area where he can be closer to his family. He believes once he is there he will be able to accomplish what all the amputees express: "I just want to try to live as normal a life as possible."

The amputees present a brave face in the hospitals--they drag-race their wheel chairs through the hallways--but all are non-committal about the future.

Their uncertainty is emphasized by the lack of feedback from discharged amputees. The hospitals don't really know what becomes of their ex-patients. Charles Asbelle, research director of the prosthetics lab at the Oakland Naval Hospital, told me the situation was quite different during World War II. At that time the Red Cross and others sent out workers who followed the progress of amputees and other disabled veterans and made regular reports back to the service hospitals.

Many amputees, of course, take advantage of government benefits given all veterans--GI Bill, home loans, etc. There are also some special allowances for amputees, like a $1,600 grant towards the purchase of an especially outfitted automobile. They also get disability pensions of various dollar values, depending on the degree of disability. But nobody really knows for sure how many amputees have difficulty finding employment and readjusting to non-military life.

Much of the help the amputees get in finding jobs is done ad hoc by the people who work with the amputees. Asbelle, for example, gets business cards from everyone he meets. Using the contacts he has made in his 25 years at the lab, he personally has found a lot of jobs for amputees.

—continued on page 13

The Movement--in the streets . . .



By William Anderson

I come out of the door of the federal building on the golden gate avenue side at exactly one o'clock and the first thing I see is Cecil Poole, the negro united states district attorney, in pants that break just right and a subdued sports jacket, and he's yelling at a Ramparts reporter, "don't you call me a damn fool!" The reporter looks like a marketing executive, he looks like he pronounces Bob Dylan's name as if it's spelled Dielan, but he yells contemptuously at Pool, accusing him of sending pig cops into the crowd deliberately to provoke an incident.

Poole storms at the sarcastic reporter and shakes a finger at him. Poole would love to smash him, but the reporter would have Poole arrested for assault by his own men. Several plainclothesmen stand watching and one of them is openly grinning at the scene--the white man taunting his boss, the negro realizing how foolish he looks, trying then to act like the reporter isn't worth getting mad at, then wheeling and plunging toward the glass door of the building. Two nearby black panthers watch the 'pork chop' federal official disappear.

The panthers are standing in parade rest positions, guarding the speakers at the rally to demand Huey Newton's release on bail pending appeal. Several thousand people fill the block between polk and larkin streets on golden gate avenue in the civic center. As I drift toward the speaker's area, between two columns, a young, short panther glides into my way. Not realizing he's blocking me, I wait patiently for him to step aside. Then I move forward and he settles himself, left foot, right foot, into place. 'Brother, you can't go in here.' His hands are clasped behind his back. I glare at him, half-wanting to make an issue of it, because the panthers, no matter what you think of their methods, make a lot of men suddenly anxious to test their masculinity.

The panthers stand in their black jackets and their black looks, they tell the Man what he can do to himself, with sharp edges, and suddenly their posture is having some effect--most of the audience at rallies of this kind in the past have been white, middle-class, and radical: fiery older women waving signs, male students trying to look very revolutionary, very bearded, girls in loose clothing --but today at least half of the crowd is black. The women with their smooth, angry faces, one woman is haranguing her old man, she insolently grabs him by the sleeve, she isn't finished yet.

The men. Some of them wear bright street clothes, others wear denim jackets, some are in dashikis, and the beards on their faces give them a proud african look. Almost all younger black men these days feel at least some part of this new pride. 'Who is this to tell me where I can't go,' I think as I look at the panther blocking my way. 'Please,' he says, very quiet but determined, and I turn away.

A simultaneous whisper, an exhalation of breath breaks from the crowd over by larkin street and I know there's trouble there with the police. Dozens of people begin to run over but an immediate roar goes up from the panthers nearby, 'don't move, stay cool, listen to the speakers.' Their command to the crowd is instinctive and simultaneous, they have obviously no intention of jeopardizing Huey's chances of getting out on bail by starting or permitting a fight.

Most of the crowd sways instinctively to the right toward larkin street, but most of them sway back again, to whatever speaker is delivering the old slogans at them. But some of the black men trot along the sidewalk toward larkin; others, on the steps and the plaza, eddy through the crowd, climb along the rail by the concrete shelf that encloses the fountain and pool, filled with chemical-green water.

On larkin street itself, four or five cops complete a sweep of the middle of the street, and they disappear past the corner of of the building, heading toward turk, waving their riot sticks, moving people out of the way of traffic.

A middle-aged man is in the middle of this part of the crowd. There is something about him that jangles something in me--he's clean-shaven, but his clothes aren't neat. He carries a Free Huey sign, but he looks like he's drunk. He plunges from one small knot of black youths to another, pointing to a white man, one of the few in this area. 'He called me a jive nigger,' the black man says, plaintively, indignantly. The young blacks nearby mutter, 'what'd he say, what'd he say?'

'White man over there, he's bad, I heard him say something about jive nigger,' the older man repeats and he sways toward the white man standing now in the intersection, looking down golden gate, wearing tennis shoes, with fairly long hair, taking no notice of the energy directed at him.

Twenty feet up the street, panthers and other leaders of the movement are commanding the people to go back, listen to the speakers, do you want to help Huey?... But the older man has now found a group of youths who will listen to him, and he talks to them in the ingratiating way the old have toward the young these days. If he went over to the white mother and grabbed him, the man would probably go upside his head. 'Oh no,' says a black teenager, 'he ain't going upside your your head. If he does I'll go upside his head.' He rocks on his feet and looks at the older man who is now expected to go up to the white man and finish what he has been trying to instigate.

The group looks at me, because I'm close. 'No,' I say, 'he may be working for the Man. That's the way they start it.' The older man gives me an unreadable glance. I look at him again. Yes, I suspect him and the white man, or anybody else who does anything to hurt Huey's chances. The progressive labor people may think Newton is most valuable to the cause as a martyr, languishing and exploding in san luis obispo, but I don't. As I turn to walk away, one of the teen-agers says to another, 'man, he might be trying to start something.'

Now I walk back toward polk street. Periodically the speakers demand a shout to commemorate Huey. 'Free Huey, off the pigs,' yells the crowd, obediently. Then they look around again, relax, and begin talking to friends. A speaker wants another amen for Huey. 'Free Huey,' yells a tall black man next to me. He raises his arm in the black power signal, fist, palm forward, then he relaxes, paying only a springtime, desultory attention to the speaker. Now a chicano speaker is telling us how we must build alliances with the working classes but up above, from the windows of the federal building, the white terrified faces of the workers peer out.

THE END

Is this the entertainment of the future?

By William Anderson

Sometimes I think I'm in a movie--riding down route 1 on that narrow road to muir beach in a convertible with the top down, stoned on grass, hitting the exact center of a curve, and the music on the car radio swells to a climax. It's the Mamas and and the Papas.

But most of the time things are like San Francisco--the weather is always just slightly unpleasant, the nights are grey and foggy on the mind. They make you want to move to Colorado and ride white horses, they make you think your life is a dream that resulted from some traumatic experience when you were fifteen years old--when what you are after is an intensity and meaning to life that makes a nimbus of light surround every move you make.

In the lobby of the Surf theatre, where Warrendale will shortly be shown, I watch the nine o'clock audience file out slowly, as if unwilling to leave. Several women are crying but tears run uninterrupted down their faces. A man spreads his hands expressively, as if his response to the movie were past speech. What were all these people doing in that darkened room, I think, what were they trying to find in there? Were they looking for the nimbus of light too?

The picture begins. It's about emotionally disturbed children at a center in Canada --Warrendale, where children and staff live in a family situation, in small, separated, cottages. The children are encouraged to have 'seizures,'--or freakouts--when they scream,

—continued on page 11

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. . . and in the park panhandle

—continued from page 10

curse, kick or do anything to physically express the emotional troubles they have in the present--and the troubles they have had and are now meeting again, in psychiatric therapy, from the past. During seizures, the staff hold the children to keep them from hurting themselves. The movie is a documentary. It is real.

Children and staff are gathered together in the family room for a terrible announcement. Dorothy, the robust, vital black cook, the only member of the service staff to take an emotional interest in the children, has died overnight, and the staff, in addition to meeting their own grief, must face the prospect of telling the children the bad news. These are children who look as though they had been struck by too much light--nobody could bear as much light as these children have borne, I think, looking at their faces during seizures, when they withdraw, when they look directly at the camera.

Carol, dressed in a diamond patterned sweater, flings herself to the floor when Terry announces that Dorothy is dead. The girl is frightened now for anyone else she has come to love--will the other members of the staff die on their days off? --but she is also frightened for herself. Will she herself, and the other children, die in their sleep?

Carol screams she wants Dorothy back and slowly her face, which is basically that of any teen-age girl--petulant, a little gross, like california--takes on a mask of pain that makes us in the audience sit up in our seats, drop each other's hands and stare in agonized belief at the screen in the darkened room.

Three of the staff dive at Carol to pin her down but her fear and despair sweep through the room like a cloud of gas. One after another the children are touched by it. Some of them buck violently, held in the laps of the staff, arms held crosswise on their bodies, in a straitjacket of flesh. Their faces, during quiet moments, stare absently at the camera. Their eyes shine like marbles out of a background of sound, as other children fall into fear--crying, screaming as instinctively as animals.

Walter, Terry's supervisor, races from one clump of flesh --a child desperately struggling, two or three staff pinning him down--to another. A female aide is on the floor wrestling with a child, her face buried in his neck, when she realizes that the camera, that took the picture that we are seeing now, is filming her exposed to the crotch. She reaches down, in the middle of this actual struggle and adjusts her skirt.

The camera pans to one of the children--a boy sitting with his knees held in his arms. He should be munching an apple, he looks so rational as he says, 'if she was poisoned, they'll never find out about it.'

Suddenly the camera is on Carol again--her eyes are losing their focus. The staff is raging at her as if they were trying to keep her soul from escaping into the lonely country of catatonia, for Carol knows very well whose fault Dorothy's death is--she was playing 'dead' with Dorothy just the other night. Dorothy lay down on Carol's bed

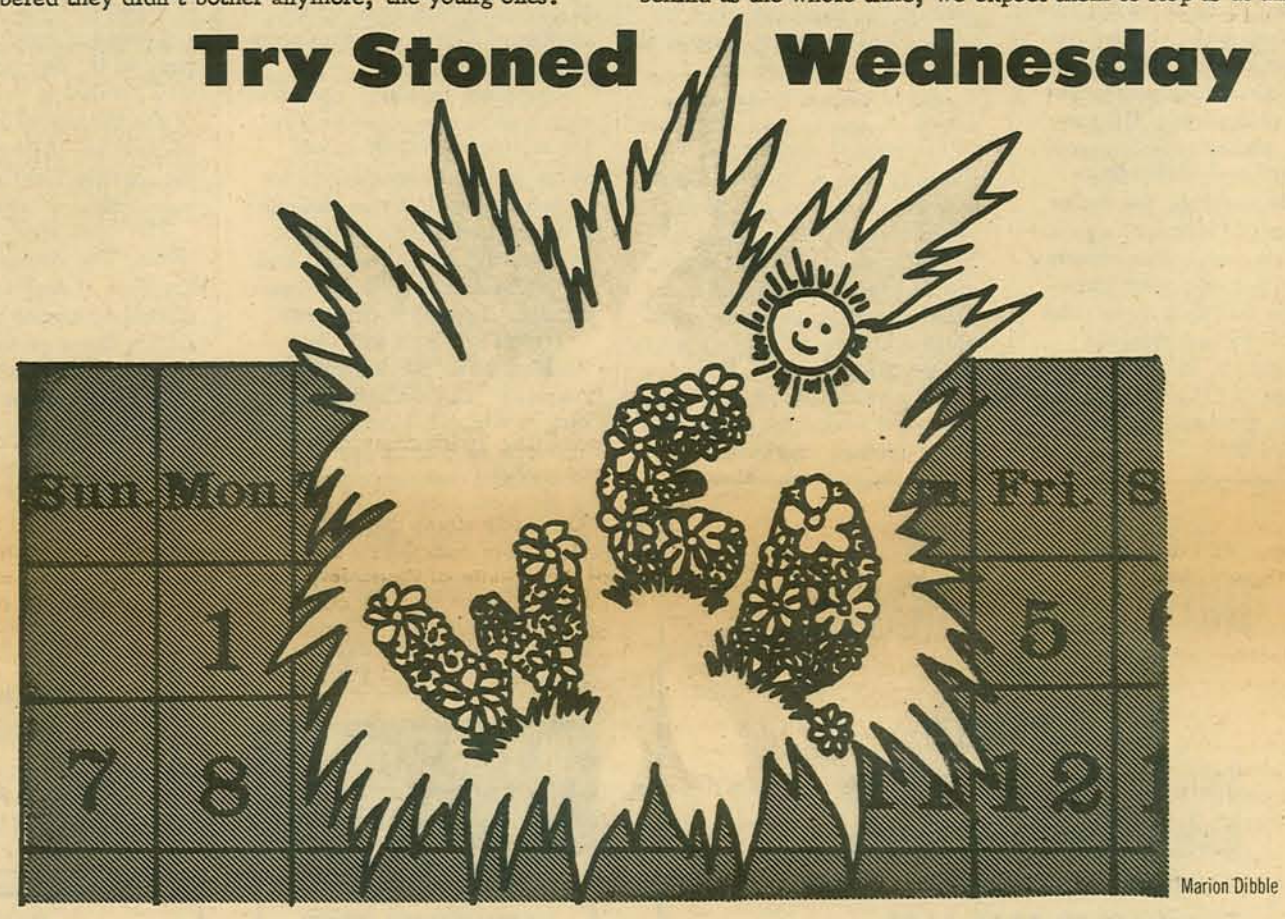
—continued on page 14

I

By Wilbur Wood

When we take over the city the first thing we will do is abolish automobiles. Stable electric cars all over, anyone can drive a car wherever he's going, and take whoever with him. Then leave the car at another stable for someone else to drive anywhere in the city. Soon the whole world could be organized this way. In the cars, people lie back on huge pillows looking at each other and smiling, inquiring, touching; looking up through the glass dome at the clouds and demolished high-rise buildings, at trees and balloons, at sculptures tinkling and creaking in the wind, and kites, and murals moving over whatever walls are not yet glass...

When the master sergeant learned that the talkative man across the compartment of this foreign train was not homosexual or communist, not even an atheist (the man was Irish and taught at a Catholic college in Rome and wrote poetry), then the master sergeant was only too happy to break out his burgundy. He'd set the bottle under the seat, but to keep it hidden he'd had to keep his legs pressed together--he didn't see how women did it, then he remembered they didn't bother anymore, the young ones.



Marion Dibble

Anyway it felt damn good to spread his legs and relax. They were both middle-aged, after all, even if the other man had a beard; they both spoke English...

It is as if the police parade into a foreign country, marching onto campus in tight rows, everything inside them tight. The students pretend they are prisoners in their occupied homeland, but after a few hours they drift off-campus

and hitchhike back to the Haight-Ashbury where they go into their separate rooms, suspicious of the crackles and clicks every time they pick up the telephone. He wanders into the kitchen to see if there's anything for dinner: Am I just using her, to cook, to be a hole to hide in? Peel off

layer after layer and then in the middle there is nothing, she said. 'What revolution? You still have to go down to the hall of justice tomorrow to plead not guilty. If you don't...' Watch for your face on tonight's news. A window is also a mirror. The mind turns

back on itself. So most of the time lately I sit home, it's been raining a lot this winter, there's been another mine cave-in in West Virginia, and oil pours out of the earth under the ocean off Santa Barbara...

But there was sun this afternoon, surrounding a quick burst of rain about 2 p.m. The women are all out looking for work. The rent's overdue. Dogs and sirens. Another joint. At 4 o'clock the sun pours in long narrow streamers through the vines outside the southwest window. Little things like animals float about in the dusty light. A yellow leaf surrounded by clusters of green: blinks out of shadow into sunlight.

II

I open the window and my cat appears on the back fence, peers around--there's an intruder in the yard. Maybe another time Bart would challenge this new cat, but he's been out all night, he's cold and hungry. He jumps off the fence, a threatening yowl in his throat. As he parades past the other male, he tilts his head, neck muscles stiff, warning the other not to attack...

To my left a huge Lincoln charges the intersection I am nearing. I brake fast, not knowing if the white lady driving the Lincoln will run the STOP sign. She crashes to a halt a few feet past the crosswalk just as a beefy motorcycle cop sweeps up the hill into the intersection, coming toward me. As the cop barrels past the Lincoln, he glances at the lady, tilts his helmeted head in exactly the same way Bart tilted his head, and accelerates by...

It's an old Rambler stationwagon my friend is driving, I'm on the front seat beside him. To our left a car races for the intersection--will it stop for us? It has the STOP sign. At the same moment my friend brakes his car, I notice the other car has a red light and carries two highway patrolmen. The cop car slams to an irritated halt, my friend coasts past it. Both of us stare, hard, at the cops. Too hard. As we pull onto the skyway, we notice they are tailing us. 'Are you holding?' my friend asks anxiously. He drives very slowly, from North Beach to the Bayshore Freeway, the cops behind us the whole time, we expect them to stop us at any moment. Taking the curve toward the Golden Gate Bridge, the cop car pulls alongside us, a harsh voice orders us over a loudspeaker to drive faster or get out of the fast lane, and the cop roars away...

Six of us are walking through the Panhandle, sunny afternoon. A police car appears at the end of Cole Street and instead of turning down Oak, crosses the one-way street, and bumps over the curb onto the grass. It lurches between us, splitting two of us from the other four, turns and crosses in front of all of us, stops. We have to detour around the car, trying to act nonchalant, trying to ignore the two tense figures inside. If one of us were to look, hard, at one of them; if one of us were to start running--you never know what they will do, they don't walk beats anymore, they never live in the neighborhoods they cruise, like White Hunters, separated from the hunted by chrome and glass, they must be starved for action, and if there's no action they create some...

Above all do not act guilty. My friend--a different one--quivers with anger as he tells his story: He was relaxing on the grass inside the Haight Street entrance to Golden Gate Park, stoned, grooving on the people passing by. He must have fallen asleep for awhile. Abruptly he wakes up and there's a police paddy wagon pulled up on the sidewalk nearby. Two cops are systematically harassing everyone, demanding that the old whiskered wino show his identification, frisking hippies, busting two black cats in khaki jackets. 'Check out that guy with the red hair--' my friend hears one cop say to the other, and the cop approaches. My friend stares at him. For some reason the cop decides not to test my friend, he simply growls, 'Everything all right?'

They just want you to recognize them as Authority, my friend says. They make you play their game, they try to make you up-tight, paranoid, guilty. 'Yeah,' my friend replies, 'everything's fine.' But he wanted to say: Everything was fine before you came. What are you doing here? Why don't you leave us alone?

Driving past Everett Junior High in the Mission District, I see a motorcycle cop and a crowd of people. As I park

—continued to page 14

Rolfe Peterson Reviews



Can a naked behind express a beautiful thought?

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern (ACT)

The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria (ACT)

In the past month, two notable premiers by the American Conservatory Theatre gave me, alternately, one of the most stimulating, entertaining evenings in years and a pain in the neck.

"Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," an ingenious play by Tom Stoppard, might be described as what happens offstage in "Hamlet." Its whimsical idea is to take the skeletal roles of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and flesh them out in a play of their own. In the process, Stoppard also fleshes out the whimsical idea with paradox and philosophy, allegory and wit, absurdity and tragedy.

Stoppard and Shakespeare frequently overlap, the major characters of "Hamlet" appearing as walk-ons. This amusing gimmick is made more amusing by the fact that these roles are played by recognizable principals from ACT's recent production of "Hamlet," doing fragments of their familiar scenes in a throwaway style that achieves the tone of good parody--Paul Shenar, for instance, wandering tormentedly into a dark corner far upstage to mumble a famous soliloquy unintelligibly; in the foreground Stoppard's play takes precedence and makes gentle fun of these classic proceedings.

We're actors

Besides Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Stoppard makes a major character of the Player who leads the acting troupe, a picaresque rogue full of cynical wit and sardonic observation: "We're actors--we're the opposite of people...The bad die unhappily, the good unluckily; that is what Tragedy is." And he explains this play when he says: "Look at every exit as an entrance somewhere else."

And of course these comments on acting take on layers of allegorical meaning. What the play says and shows about theatrical illusion and foolish bit players, born losers, like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, groping for meaning and some fuller identity, becomes stimulating observation on what life is for all of us.

A few scenes go on too long, to a point where the pace gets heavy-footed, and William Ball's style of directing comedy still lacks lightness. His funny actors generally work too hard at funniness; they hit their punch lines with a sledge-hammer; they emote relentlessly; James Milton and Philip Kerr, as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, are too much of a piece, strongly directed by the same man and becoming too much the same character.

Kerr especially might have provided variety and made his funny lines funnier if he had been less constantly intense, more given to a throwaway delivery and a calm bitterness.

But Milton and Kerr both act with authority and force. It is perhaps only that they have to compete with Ken Ruta's masterful Player that they seem less than first-rate.

One more quibble: the bit of simulated sodomy devised by the troupe of players in one scene is a gratuitous reminder of something that runs through a disproportionate amount of modern theatre in general and what this company does in particular. I found it offensive.

Which brings us to "The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria," a two-character fantasy in which Fernando Arrabal attempts to portray just about everything that has ever happened to mankind, or at least mankind's collective unconscious.

Avant-garde audiences and most of the critics are finding this painful tour-de-force to be great stuff indeed. I found it somewhat sophomoric, dull and frequently offensive. Can a beautiful thought be expressed by Michael O'Sullivan's naked behind?

It's ugly

Like Beckett, Arrabal seems to be using deliberate ugliness to tell us that the world is ugly, a fact we know so well already that it seems masochistic to pay $5 to be told it again. Arrabal fails to give us any enlightening or stimulating comment on this manifest ugliness, so I presume that we're supposed to get $5 worth of amusement out of the dialogue. It is obviously meant to be brilliantly funny, but I found very little entertainment in it.

I found a good deal of mystery in it, and perhaps that is why Arrabal is the new darling of the theatrical In-Crowd. Beckett and Albee have shown the surefire intellectual commercialism of mystery.

The most annoying thing about "The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria" is the frustration of having two of the ACT's finest performers, Michael O'Sullivan and Peter Donat, right there on the stage, bursting with skill and talent, doomed to sweat the evening away in roles that require them to be histrionic and unnatural in countless different guises, posturing and perspiring and going almost naked (from which the only lesson to be learned is that Donat is slightly overweight, O'Sullivan slightly under), just to exorcise whatever personal demons led Arrabal to write this play.

Maybe Freud is to blame for the parlous state of modern playwrighting. Everybody in the theatre either has a psychiatrist or is influenced by those who have had psychiatrists, and the result is a literature based on toilet-training.

Granted that the traumas of childhood and the Great Issues of the Century, like whether or not we hate our Mommies, are all parts of the jigsaw puzzle; yet the inordinate amount of weary time and graphic detail that writers like Arrabal devote to these things (O'Sullivan must suck his thumb and be lullabyed to sleep at one point, and at another he must enact a bowel movement for our edification) make of their work a distortion of life too extreme to be true.

It soon becomes shock for shock's sake, and I became skeptical of it. I also became embarrassed for the actors.

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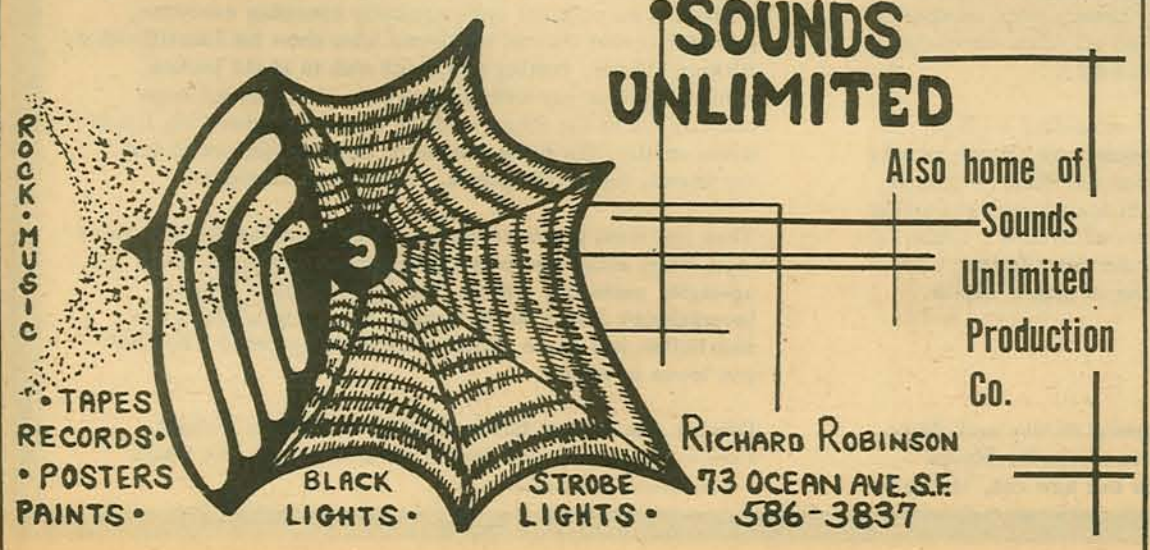
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A beautiful, frightening safari, but the talk is often corny

African Safari (Baronet)
Ben Hur (Penthouse)
Sweet Charity (St. Francis)
Good bye Columbus (New Alhambra)
The Killing of Sister George (Regency)



By Margo Skinner

"African Safari" is almost totally the creation of one man, Ronald E. Shanin, its producer, director, photographer and protagonist. The short, balding, mild-mannered Shanin threw up a career as a rocket engineer and took off, to capture animals for zoos and make films.

His "African Safari" was five-and-a-half years in production. There are charming but conventional shots of baby animals: chimpanzee, leopard, lion cubs. But there are also remarkable shots of such exotic creatures as the pangolin, the dread tetse fly and the huge Marshall eagle with its seven-foot wing spread.

In one nerve-wracking sequence Shanin captures a deadly black mamba snake with his bare hands. He shoots a lion as it springs directly at him; climbs the hitherto unmapped and unphotographed Mountains of the Moon (source of the White Nile); and stands 15 yards from a one-mile-wide river of fire as he films the birth of a volcano.

Though Shanin approaches "the natives" like an old-fashioned bwana, though the narration is sometimes corny, the film is beautiful, thrilling, real.

"Ben Hur," surprisingly, is beautiful and thrilling; and under William Wyler's restrained direction, this 1959 Biblical epic, now re-released, becomes completely believable. Charlton Heston never has been better, and he gets strong support from Jack Hawkins, Stephen Boyd, Sam Jaffe, Martha Scott and Hugh Griffith (who won a supping actor Oscar).

Unflamboyant but rich color photography; direction, particularly in the Nativity and Sermon on the Mount scenes; and, changing pace, the bloody chariot race, with eight teams of horses hurtling around a gigantic circus.

"Ben Hur" has over-talky moments, but few family movies rank as high artistically.

Another pleasant surprise is "Sweet Charity." I've gotten pretty tired of Shirley Maclaine, all gussied up with wigs and over-designed clothes, straining to prove her versatility in various dubious vehicles. But as Charity Hope Valentine (really!), a gum-chewing, good-hearted taxi dancer who wants to be loved, she has good songs, fresh dialogue and fine choreography-and a brief encounter with Ricardo Montalban, the sexiest man I've seen on film in years.

Except for an embarrassing scene in which the heroine begs a square boy friend to marry her, and an irrelevant hippy-religious number that wastes Sammy Davis, Jr., "Sweet Charity" is a joy, surely 1969's best musical.

"Goodbye Columbus," from Philip Roth's novella, takes a-part nouveau-riche, exurbian Jewish society with energy and good humor (a catered wedding sequence is both vulgar and full of life).

Richard Benjamin and Ali McGraw, both new to films, play two pleasant young people who meet, fall in love, and part. Their sexuality is frankly and attractively presented (this is the first film I've seen in which a diaphragm is dramatically important).

"The Killing of Sister George," on the other hand, is a dull and heavy-handed caricature of the lesbian world. Beryl Reid hams her head off as an aging dike TV actress; Susannah York is unconvincing and badly photographed as her "flat mate;" Coral Brown plays the villainess like an adenoidal female Fu Manchu.

For the voyeur, there is the long, explicit girl-to-girl sex scene which was banned in Boston.

And who among us is not a voyeur?

THE END

THE AMPUTEES

—continued from page 9

Sgt. Peter Foley, 21, Pleasanton, California.

Foley volunteered for the draft at age 19 shortly after leaving high school.

He did well in the Army, being sent to NCO school at Fort Benning, Ga. After almost two months in Vietnam--without ever firing a shot at a Vietnamese--he stepped on a booby-trap, which "could have been theirs or ours." It cost him a leg.

I asked him to describe his experiences in Vietnam, but he says he doesn't remember much, it all seems like a dream now.

"After a while it was just a normal way of life," he said. "You just live with it."

THE END



By Creighton H. Churchill

"Americans, particularly the younger ones, are drinking more tea than ever before--probably because the average American cup of coffee is really awfully bad."

So saying, James Hardcastle turned to look at the hundreds of pounds of coffee beans being blended, roasted and ground in his Capricorn Coffees shop at 1555 Fillmore in S.F. A former American Studies grad student at S.F. State, Hardcastle turned a coffee hobby into a highly successful business, first in retail by owning a coffee house, then by starting the mostly wholesale Capricorn.

In three years, Capricorn has grown into one of the largest "special blend" coffee suppliers in the U.S., processing and selling over 2 1/4 tons of coffee beans each week.

After seeing the Kinetic Art exhibit at the S.F. museum of art, Hardcastle returned to his shop and immediately drew inspiration from his half-century-old mass of coffee processing equipment. With lots of bright colored enamel and time, the antique mechanicals were transformed into the city's only pop-kinetic art operating factory. It is a pleasing and unique example of the integration of art and industry. And it turns out excellent coffee, an art by itself.

Capricorn has two full time coffee buyer/brokers to keep it supplied with beans from 16 countries. (Hardcastle found it was literally impossible to obtain top-grade coffee beans in the U.S.)

As a hedge against changing tastes, Hardcastle also imports, processes and sells 300 pounds of tea per week, divided into 24 basic types. As with coffee, tea is cured and blended and, with some types, different roots and fruits are added for flavor.

The scientific and chemical side of the coffee business is handled by the Coffee Brewers Institute in New York (which will also send information on request to private persons), giving the blender of coffee more tools to work with than taste buds.

Besides buying beans, Hardcastle does his own blending, roasting and grinding because all three processes vitally affect the taste of the final product. A "French" or "Italian" roast refers to the different combinations of beans, temperature and length of roasting time, while "Turkish" refers to the very fine "powder" grind, a Capricorn speciality. Blending is the art of combining different types of beans from various countries to produce a desired flavor, much like blending scents from perfume. Here, there is no substitute for highly educated taste buds.

Hardcastle will blend to your taste on special orders, and has some coffees, like the Blue Mountain Jamaican, which are difficult to get elsewhere.

Prices range up to $2.75 for a pound of the rarest coffees, much less for blends. One pound of grind will make about 40 cups of steamy, dark ambrosia.

● ● ●

When Newsweek magazine ran a cover story on "nudity in the the theatre," Mr. Jones began to dig that erotica was now overtly suburban. Furthering that premise is "Desire Caught by the Tail", a never performed play by painter/sculptor Pablo Picasso now on, under and behind the boards at Cafe La Front, 2517 Durant just off Telegraph in Berkeley, presented by Co-Op Theatre Action.

An experience rather than a coherent play, Desire features "scenelettes" of symbolism rather than acts, and substitutes writhing orgiastic sex for dialogue. Which is fine with most of the audience, except the plainclothes police and the representatives of the D.A.'s office. In their new role as publicity and public relations men for avant-garde theatre, the police and threat of arrest become indispensable to the success of a new play. There had been so much advance publicity of an "obscenity" arrest that the audience fully expected the Berkeley Police to be putting on make-up in the wings. No such luck.

The S.R.O. audience--at $5.00 a head--responded with moderate enthusiasm to the cavortings of the Tart, Big Foot, Cousin, Round End, Silence and the Anguishers, roles played with some degree of professionalism by two men and four women, one woman having a reasonably good go at being a hermaphrodite. Big Foot, played with vigor by Elliot Tanzer, was the satyr/God/anti-hero who sported the largest stuffed penis in the history of local theatre, horns and nothing else. Thus being well equipped for his role, as were the mostly topless ladies, including the Tart, played by Leslie, who had a smashing figure that fortunately distracted one's mind from the dialogue.

Picasso wrote his non-play some 20 years ago as a vehicle for his sketches of stage sets and scenes, not really as a performable play, and it lived up to expectations. The dialogue is meant to be late Dadaist Incomprehensible, and succeeds. Yet, in this adapted and shortened version by Walter Sanchez, there are scenes of cogent satire against Church, State and Establishment. Sanchez remained clothed the entire evening, playing a Hunchback, and seemed the best actor of the group, besides being a competent director.

When it isn't a theatre, Cafe La Front is a delightful mixed-media environmental coffee house/restaurant that specializes in sandwiches and salads on wooden planks. Prices are sensible and the food is excellent, and from lunch on one can watch a "color organ" lightshow, listen to good acid sounds, and eat off a table that hangs from the ceiling. A nice place for nourishment and introspection.

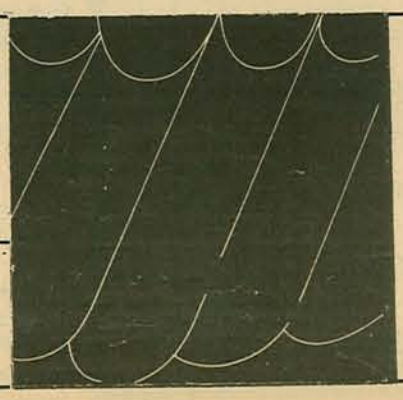
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Try Stoned Wednesday

—*continued from page 11*

my car, another motorcycle cop roars up. There's a pretty girl with long brown hair propped against a light pole, she can't stand up, hands steady her as she starts to keel over. Now she's sitting on the pavement, head lolling around. Two more motorcycle cops pull up. I cross the street and look down at the girl. Some student is asking her what her name is, the first cop makes notes in a pad. Last name? Address? But the girl shakes her head, no, no. 'There's nothing to be afraid of,' the cop says, and the student repeats, 'Nothing to be afraid of.'

But the girl is terrified, she has overdosed on barbituates (someone says) and she's out of her head and sick and now policemen are all around her. A cop car pulls up now, and suddenly there are five policemen to handle one girl. I can do nothing, so I cross the street back to my car. 'What are they doing here?' a deliveryman asks me. 'How come there's so many police?' Finally a Health Department van drives up, and the girl screams and bucks as they load her inside and slam the door.

Whoever saw this girl freaking surely thought automatically, 'Call the police'--visions of the lovable Irish flatfoot, helping children and old ladies across the street. But after the girl is cooled out, she'll probably find herself before some Judge who's never seen her before, who'll never see her again, who knows nothing except what it says in the police report. And unless her parents have money to hire a lawyer, and even though she's white, the Judge may send the girl up to Juvey--'for her own good.'

Like the sound of the police helicopter circling over the Haight-Ashbury every day lately around noon, the police game is in all our heads, like the tapped telephone, like money, even when we stay home from The Revolution.

Through the lens of my camera I watch the colors of the leaves change in the changing light. It is an instamatic camera, a good machine, it adjusts automatically for light and shadow; it's like what I feel the future could be, The Machine making all necessary mundane adjustments, and Man free to find his own picture.

III

I call this picture STONED WEDNESDAY. A midweek holiday. Already on Sundays the people are gathering in huge groups in Golden Gate Park, at Muir Beach, at College of Marin, to listen to the bands, to throw frisbees around, to dance, to take off their clothes. You get 15,000 people at Speedway Meadows, and the police game doesn't mean a thing--the police admit as much in their newspapers. The Tac Squad can't barge through the throngs to arrest the naked girl hoisted high over the heads of the dancers, like a banner of the future; the plainclothes cop can't snip the wires of the rock band's generator, can't bust the man passing joints around, unless the plainclothesman is ready to take on a hundred curious or angry spectators who immediately surround him. All the Authorities can do is drop tear gas from their helicopters, like Vietnam; or surround the crowd and start shooting, like what happened in Mexico City just before the Olympics. But--after Chicago--would they do that? over network television?

You get 20,000 at Speedway and another 10,000 at Bobby Hutton Memorial Park in Oakland, and thousands more at Samuel P. Taylor State Park, or in Civic Center Plaza, or in the Commons at S.F. State--and there aren't enough police or National Guard on the whole West Coast to do anything about it. And if we do this every Wednesday, and publicize it this way--DON'T GO TO WORK, DON'T GO TO SCHOOL--and if those Montgomery Street file clerks and short-haired Chinese-American kids decide to try STONED WEDNESDAY some Wednesday, any Wednesday...

The future is now.

PANTHERS

—*continued from page 11*

and was dead, while Carol caressed her and brought her back to life with affection. But Carol knows that Dorothy isn't going to wake up this time, and let Carol have her turn, and stroke her face and hair before going back to the kitchen.

'No nonsense, Carol no nonsense!' Walter shouts, 'Open your eyes. No nonsense! Look at this house. Look at the people in it!'

'I see 'em, I see 'em,' Carol yells back, goaded, but her eyes are screwed tight shut, and the men and women hammer at her until she opens them. 'Stay with it!' the staff commands her and almost against her will her eyes open. 'I am, I am. I am!' she screams, finally, and she's been rescued.

The other children are wailing in the background, they're cursing and crying. A too-calm voice slices through the noise, 'Dorothy got $79 from the insurance company and she was going to invest it and make a lot of money. 'Meanwhile Carol is helped to a sitting position. She begins to repair herself; she brushes her hair painfully, viciously. 'Stop it,' says Walter, 'I won't let you punish yourself! I won't let you!'

Yes, in San Francisco it's like that too, it's always Friday. Grown people come out of entrances and hallways and walk up the street, looking as though they had scored some kind of victory over themselves. What have they been doing inside, have they been feeding somebody? In downtown Oakland every saturday night, Synanon holds open house. Perhaps this is the entertainment of the future. Suddenly, while making love, the tongue is working perfunctorily over the lips and the roof of the mouth of an otherwise inoffensive person, but the tongue has lost all feeling.

A little rain, a little recession and the children, like birds, are on the back of the rhinocerous again, riding for food. Sometimes they're so full of light I feel they're blazing, but sometimes they feel they're nothing.

Al Kihn's diary- a case study of tv's 'wealthy wasteland'

(Kihn, a KRON photographer for eight years, kept a diary of KRON news and corporate transgressions for the past six years. He has complained to the FCC and provoked a nationally important license renewal hearing. Kihn's three major issues:

(1) KRON has slanted the news to protect its corporate parent, the Chronicle; (2) has produced programs to promote the Chronicle's CATV interests, and (3) managed and distorted the news. We are running Kihn's major complaints in detail because his story, though covered nationally in Newsweek and on PBL educational television, has been virtually blacked out in San Francisco. The major FCC documents are on file in KRON's offices, 1001 Van Ness Ave., and can be inspected upon request.)

Kihn 1:

Charged that KRON was "subservient" to its corporate parent, the Chronicle Publishing Co. Alleged that KRON news department was forbidden in September, 1965, to comment for days on the impending Chron/Examiner merger—except for a "last minute statement dictated by Chronicle management." (In his pre-trial deposition, Kihn said he distributed a memo at the time complaining about news suppression of the merger. An hour later, he was called to the office of A. H. Constant, assistant station manager, Constant, Kihn said, was "unhappy" about the memo, asked him to retract it, said there was "no suppression" because there had been no official announcement, hence "no story as yet." "I said I believed there was and I believed what I said," Kihn testified.

KRON 1:

Responded that KRON did not discuss the merger because it wasn't privy to the plans of its parent. Any story on KRON would be based on speculation and rumor and would appear to give them credence because of the "station's relationship to one of the parties."

Guardian note 1:

The Ex and Chron secretly decided to merge on Oct. 23, 1964, Chronicle publisher, Charles de Young Thieriot, has testified before Congress. But announcement was kept secret pending Justice Dept. approval. After clearance, articles of incorporation were quietly filed in Carson City on Sept. 1, 1965. NY Times broke clearance story "prematurely." Ex/Chron scrambled about for days in embarrassment before formally announcing the merger. Thieriot is corporate head of both KRON and Chronicle.

Kihn 2:

During the 55-day strike against Ex-Chron in 1968, KRON slanted news programs "in favor of newspaper management." Example: news staff was forbidden to use words "merger" or "monopoly" in its stories. Example: on the strike's first day, Kihn went with reporter Ed Hart to the Chronicle picket line—not to get the story, but to get the names of the pickets on film on management orders. Hart asked each picket his name, Kihn got it down on film. And the story? "You'd better believe we're going to write it all pro- management," Hart told Kihn. "No question about it." (Kihn kept the names of KRON employees secret—until KRON forced him to name them in the deposition).

KRON 2:

Supplied evidence that six persons favoring the publishers' side of the strike, 20 persons favoring union side appeared on KRON. Twenty minutes and 43 seconds of publishers' side time, to 34 minutes and 51 seconds to union side time. Did not deny prohibition of words "merger" and "monopoly," but implied union reps didn't use these terms (Guardian: baloney: Rep. Phil Burton even called for a federal monopoly investigation. Burton since has buckled—he's running for U.S. senator—and now is backing the Failing Newspaper bill in Washington that would validate the EX/Chron merger. Bill Thomas, ex-Chron reporter, is working with Burton in his Washington office.)

Kihn 3:

Complained that KRON did not "fill the gap" by expanding its strike news coverage as promised. Quoted a Chronicle police reporter, then handling strike publicity and Ed Arnow (KPIX newsman, Cal journalism professor) on radio and television's dismal strike showing. "I have yet to have one man from radio or television come in and sit down and say 'what is this strike all about?' " the reporter told Kihn. Concluded Kihn: " . . . poverty in the midst of affluence. All these rich network affiliates doing very little with their expanded coverage. Our KRON reporters and cameramen would be sent out on stories like "Junior League Baseball," or "Opera Guild Rehearsal," or filming some award being given to KRON, or shooting 4,000 feet of color film on something called "The Chicken's Ball" in San Carlos, where the station was trying to get a CATV franchise."

KRON 3:

Presented evidence that it was "filling the gap." Argued in effect that KRON reports controversies "fully and fairly," but that it must have a "broader range" in its obligation "to program for the majority as well as the minority."

KIHN 4:

Alleged KRON's 1968 coverage of Chicken's Ball during strike was motivated by Chronicle's desire to get a CATV franchise in San Carlos. (application submitted: August, 1967.) Said news director went with two cameramen (G: unheard of) and described assignment as a "must go."

KRON 4:

Replied KRON had covered this biennial event since 1962, before its parent developed CATV interests, and that the 1968 coverage had no relation with CATV bid.

KIHN 5:

Similarly alleged CATV interests dictated KRON coverage of a new library opening in South San Francisco (news director's memo: "The station manager wants to make sure that the Mayor of South San Francisco is prominent in any film we do") and for the filming of a Vallejo documentary. Writer Bob Anderson found a scandal in Vallejo he wanted to cover, but was told by then Gen. Mgr. Harold See: "Look, there's a reason for (the documentary) and the reason is that we want that cable franchise."

KRON 5:

See replied he had mentioned to the writer "exploratory talks" about CATV in Vallejo, but that Anderson was not instructed to produce the documentary because of CATV interest. Noted CATV interest was dropped prior to filming of documentary. (G note: it was dropped because Luther Gibson, publisher of local Vallejo Times-Herald, was going to get the franchise.) Said head librarian had requested library coverage in South City.

KIHN 6:

Submitted two key KRON memoranda: (1) Oct. 29, 1964, from See to news director and station manager: "All stories relating to the public relations image of any radio or television station," or employees, "are to be brought to the attention of the general manager or station manager before broadcast." This restriction does not apply to publishers, "except for the Chronicle Publishing Company."

(2) April 6, 1967, news director Mel J. Kampmann to his staff on reporting "labor strike":

It is apparent, he said, that "some of you do not understand the full intent of this policy. It is therefore mandatory that any story relating broadcast industry labor problems and/or local newspaper labor problems be cleared with the news director before airing. In case there is no contact possible with the news director, the program manager or production manager should be contacted. If you cannot get clearance for some reason from the above. then DO NOT RUN THE STORY (G. note: Kampmann's capitalization, and for good reason.)

KRON 6:

Memo one: Resulted from "one-sided news report" of a strike against ABC. Issued because See felt "broadcast employes as a group seem to have an emotional reaction to their own industry" and he wanted to insure "accuracy and objectivity" of all industry stories. Memo two: news employes are unionized and news about strikes might not be presented fairly "by some" without supervision.

KIHN 7:

Alleged several instances of distortion and news management, dating back to 1964, in line with KRON's general conservative corporate policies.

The FCC has concentrated quite rightly on the issue of KRON news policies used to serve its business interests, not those issues that "appear to raise only questions of licensee news judgment."

EXAMPLE: News director criticized KRON's cameramen for shooting soundfilm on the April, 1964 civil rights sit-ins at the Cadillac Agency. "We don't want to give these people any more exposure than we have to." EXAMPLE: May, 1965 Vietnam Day at Cal with 36 hour "educational protest": news director gave special instructions to shoot no sound film on speakers; instead, over objections of news staff, the crew interviewed a professor who had withdrawn from the event.

EXAMPLE: Feb. 11, 1965: news director refused, on orders of station managemento, to film comments of Paul Goodman and Mario Savio at Cal. Instead, a camera crew on campus for art gallery feature story was ordered to leave the campus 15 minutes before the speeches started. EXAMPLE: June, 1965: news director, viewing Synanon film, instructed writer not to use names of schools where Synanon groups had spoken. "We don't want to give these people any credence, although they make some very good points." EXAMPLE: Feb. 2, 1968: news director gives special instructions to assignment editor on Dave Harris anti-draft perss conference. "We have to watch out about giving him a platform." EXAMPLE: Memo from news director to assignment editor: ". . .please resist the urge to give platform to Peace & Freedom Party and Black Panthers this weekend. . .Don't give them publicity."

EXAMPLE: Writer criticized KRON for watering down program to suit PG&E, the sponsor. Writer: "Do I understand, then, that we are in a position where a large utility is telling us not only what our documentary subject will be, but what it will include and how it will be done?" Program director: "To be very blunt, that's none of your concern." EXAMPLE: Dec. 2, 1968: management cancelled a half-hour documentary on SF State crisis. News staff felt management didn't like radical strike leader statements. The program writer quit in disgust, the film editor wrote an angry memo. The editor was fired when he refused to retract what he said in the memo.

KRON 7:

Answered each point in detail, in general contended as in KRON 3.

KIHN 8:

Charged KRON suppressed a story sometime ago on the North American Air Defense Command in Colorado Springs. Kihn and writer Anderson found that NORAD commanders, "by their own admission," have a defense against obsolete manned caircraft, not missiles. Explained Anderson: "we had the head of the North American Air Defense Command, whom we interviewed during a migraine headache, which he has a couple of times a day, and he said 'we have no defense against missiles, and if it comes, missiles are the way it's going to come.' "

KRON didn't like the story the program manager said: "What we want is an ending with those planes flying off into the sunset and everybody's happy."

KRON 8:

"This is truly a fascinating and interesting Dr. Strangelove bit of dialogue, but the licensee did not and the Air Force does not subscribe to the veracity of this report." It produced a letter from NORAD commanders denying the Kihn/Anderson statements.

GUARDIAN 8:

If KRON and NORAD are right in saying missiles can be stopped, what is the fuss over the ABM? A more significant point: RCA, which owns NBC, which is KRON's parent network, was a prime contractor for the heart of the NORAD system.

Was this the reason KRON, RCA NBC affiliate, passed up a helluva good story? To paraphrase FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson in his Chet Huntley dissent, what appears to be self-interest is often camouflaged by news judgment. How would one "prove" that RCA/NBC/KRON/Chron/Ex gives more coverage to space shots and NASA news and good news from Vietnam than it would if it were not a major space and defense contractor? (Defense business was 18 per cent of RCA sales in 1967.) How does one investigate any possible relationships between NBC/KRON/CHRON/EX's coverage of foreign governments and RCA's corporate relations with those governments? (In 1967 alone, RCA established major new investments in Australia, Canada, Italy, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Taiwan and the United Kingdom.) More difficult yet, how do you even know all the economic interests of a conglomerate's conglomerate like RCA/NBC/KRON/Chron/Ex/Hearst interests?

As Johnson put it, "What's good for Conglomerate, Inc., is good for America begins to sound increasingly profound and patriotic."

The dicks from Superchron

—continued from page 3

ion of privacy and asked $26 million. In another against the detective, Nader accused him of defamation.

Like Nader, Kihn and Mrs. Streeter are government witnesses. Their attorney, Charles Cline Moore, placed in the FCC record a statement charging that KRON had been intimidating, harassing and coercing the two witnesses.

He also has complained that the reluctance of prospective witnesses--one wants his remarks edited out of Kihn's tapes, several others are making statements on the record for KRON diametrically opposed to statements made in person to Kihn--was due to KRON's "velvet glove" intimidation.

Moore is also petitioning the FCC to make the issue of intimidation of government witnesses the fourth cause of action (other three: undue concentration, monopoly practices, use of KRON to further corporate interests) in determining whether the renewal of KRON's license would be in the public interest.

The Kihn/Streeter/Moore position is similar to the position of The Chronicle on March 24, 1966. Its editorial on Nader then ended:

"Sen. Ribicoff concluded the hearing with the comment that 'there's too much snooping going on in this country.'"

"In this conclusion, we heartily concur.

THE END

COMING

William Bennett, former PUC commissioner, will write for The Guardian on California, utilities, regulation and monopoly.

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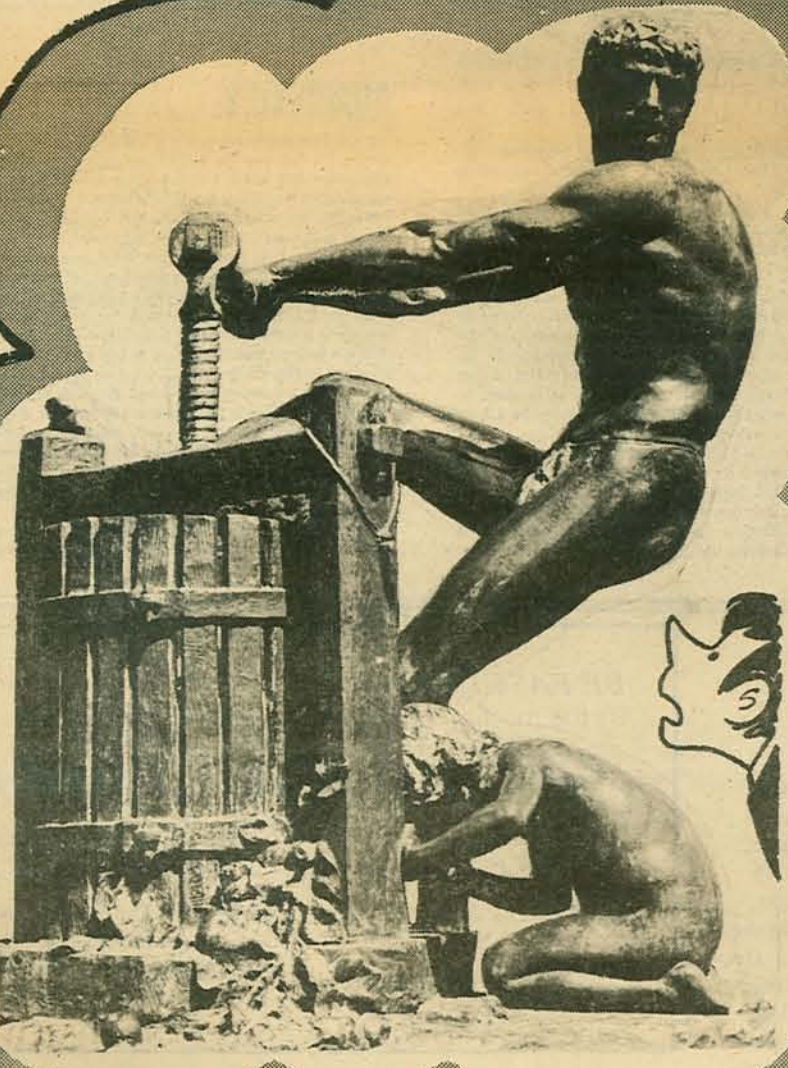
"Man! In those days the Tac Squad had STYLE!"



"Psst—they're getting $51 an ounce in Hong Kong!"



"See? Tract houses don't have to look alike!"



"Anybody checked this kid's I.D.?"



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